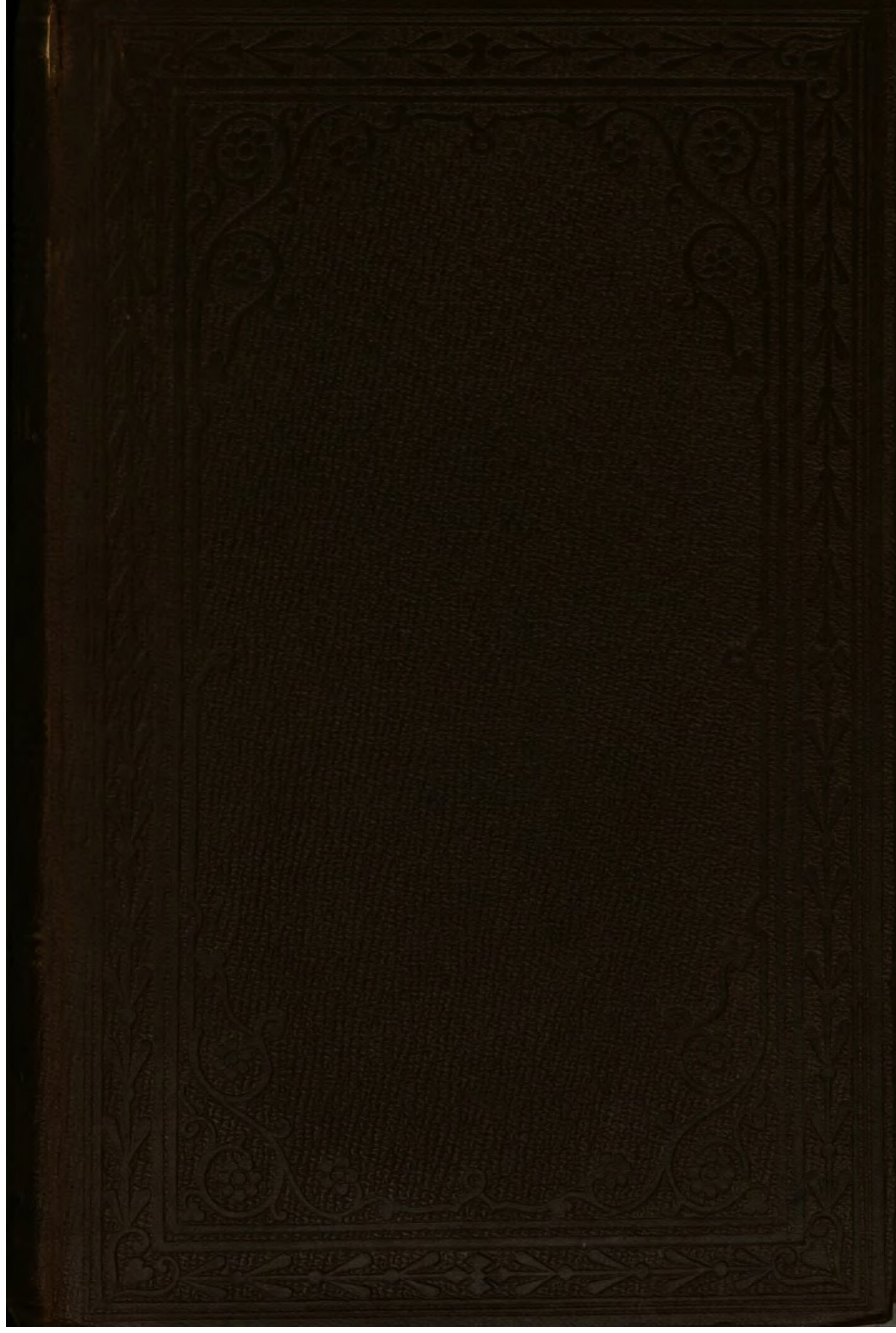




Lat. 302^e May 7m, 1840.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. SHERMAN.

To the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine.

"Felix ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvit amor die."

SIR,—These elegant and expressive lines of Horace frequently recur to the mind, in contemplating happy scenes of married life. One is apt to consider them either as mere fiction or descriptive of a state superior to that of mortals. This is erroneous. We may now and then see them verified on earth, and that verification, accompanied with a Christian usefulness which Horace never dreamt of.

I lately took up the memoir of a lady, written by her husband, but containing numerous papers by the deceased herself, which, in a forcible manner, brought these lines of the Latin poet to my memory; and such was the interest excited in my mind by the work, that I was unable for several hours to lay it down.

From the memoir, and especially the papers written by the lady, her character is easily discovered, although it would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey a just idea of its excellence by any other means. *Every page is a gem.* There is much of narrative, written in a style of great brevity and simplicity, but which comes home to the tenderest and best affections of the heart. We here learn how a life of holiness and Christian benevolence can elevate and sustain the mind in the performance of arduous duties, even while the most insidious of all diseases is making its ravages on the body.

Her description of two tours on the continent are deeply interesting; more especially the one in which we find her and her husband the welcome guests of an intelligent and pious Countess, through whom the latter was introduced to his majesty the King of Prussia.

But the grand trait of the deceased's character throughout the work, and apparent to the most superficial reader, is *holiness to the Lord*—strong and *unshaken faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a desire to do his will. This seems to have been the sum and substance of her existence—the very aim and purpose of her life.

No gentleman or lady can rise from the perusal of this book without being the better. It is the very essence of simplicity, combined with order, taste and judgment.

I am aware that a narrative which can touch, soften, and deeply and beneficially affect our heart, may fail to make any lasting impression on another, but I shall not, I hope, easily forget the powerful impression which the perusal of this volume left on my own mind. I was then travelling to London by the South-Eastern Railway, and just before entering the Mersham tunnel, had finished the concluding chapter. I was alone—unseen and unheard by human being; suffused with tears and overwhelmed with the tenderest emotions. I fell prostrate on my knees, and there poured out the overflowings of a contrite heart, dedicating myself anew to God through the merits of his Son, resolving on his strength to apply, thenceforth, my time, talents, station, property, and influence, more than ever, in promoting the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, the glory of God, and salvation of souls.

Sir, I am within a year or two of fifty years old—a member (a non-conforming one) of the Church of England—actively and extensively engaged in a learned profession. Those who know me will never suspect me of being either an enthusiast or a fanatic; and if such then has been the effect produced on my mind and judgment by reading the "Memoir of the late Mrs. Sherman written by her Husband,"—a gentleman with whom I am not at present acquainted,—can you wonder that I feel desirous of having such a work extensively read? Can you think me unreasonable in asking you to give these brief remarks a place in your excellent Magazine, seeing there is hope that some, I trust many, of your readers may through that medium be induced to read the memoir, and, like me, rise from its perusal with a *pungent inquiry*, a *firm resolution*, and a *devout aspiration*? viz. "Am I following the object of that memoir as she followed Christ?—I resolve from henceforth to do so—and I pray God to enable me."

Yours,

LAICUS.

Spring Gardens, 6th Jan. 1840.

P.S.—I enclose m

See the other side.

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ROYALTY AND REPUBLICANISM  
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ROYALTY AND  
REPUBLICANISM IN ITALY ;

OR,

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

RELATING TO

THE LOMBARD INSURRECTION,

AND TO

THE ROYAL WAR OF 1848.

By JOSEPH MAZZINI.

L O N D O N :

CHARLES GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

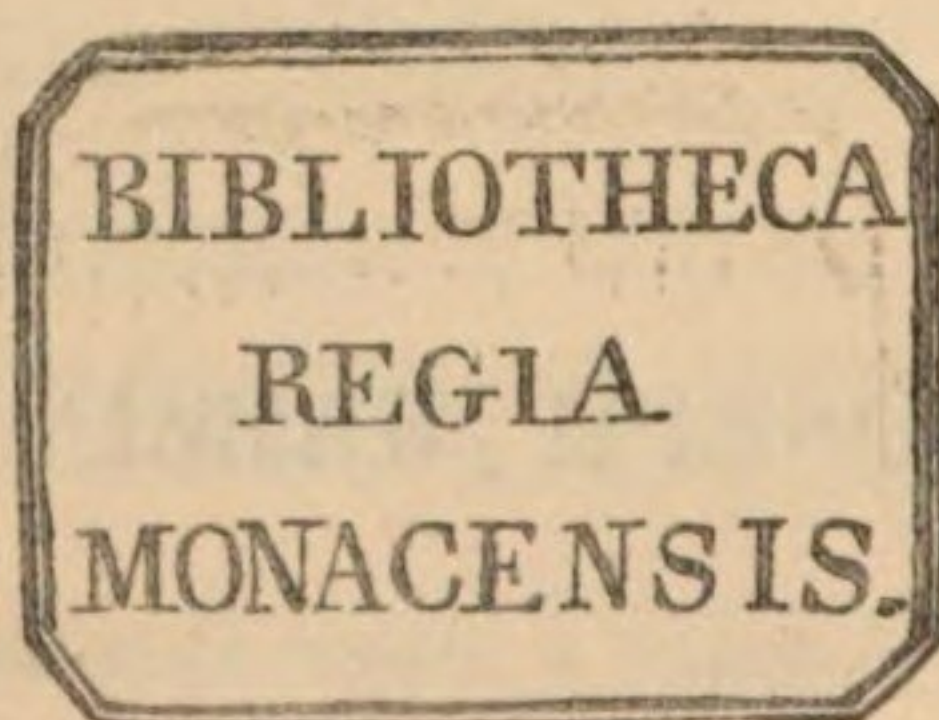
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1850.







## PREFACE.

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THE subject of the following pages is the National Italian Cause. Their object is to correct public opinion in England, which has been misled on several important points. They may contain errors of intelligence in their appreciation of facts, but as to the facts themselves, there is not a syllable which is not true, and dictated by the most profound sense of the duties of a writer pleading a just cause very often misunderstood. Will they be read with an equally serious attention? I hope so. There is in the English character a foundation of innate honesty, a truth-seeking instinct of fair play, which cannot be long deceived by calumny. When once the characteristics of the case are fairly set forth, it is impossible that a people educated in the school of liberty, should long consent to accept without examination the accusations which the interested partizans of things as they are, have at all times



flung upon those who combat in the name of the future. It is impossible that a people which has suffered and bled in the defence of its rights against the tyranny of usurped power, should not sooner or later awaken to active sympathy with a nation, which for fifty years has suffered and bled to obtain all that is most sacred in this world—independence—a recognized existence without, and freedom of thought and action within. And it is impossible that a serious people, calling itself religious, and having for many years written in the first page of its gospel of life the inviolability of conscience as its highest law, should not comprehend the European importance of the Italian movement, and feel the breath of God sanctifying and giving soul to the enterprise of twenty-four millions of men, whose political revelation, thanks to Rome, must inevitably be religious. Indifference in such a case is more immoral than antagonism. The one may be the fruit of error, the other is atheism. We must combat it by every means in our power, not only for ourselves who are struggling, and have need of encouragement and support, but for the sake of those whom we address, and for the honour and the future of humanity.

I have said that the subject of the following writings is the *National* Italian Cause. I ought perhaps to have said the *Republican* Italian Cause. They tend, in fact, to show, by evidence, what the Republican party has *done* in Rome, and to explain its con-



duct elsewhere. For in Italy, the Republican party and the National party are one and the same thing. The party which entitled itself *moderate*, when it was but *weak* and illogical, has endeavoured within the last few years to make itself the National party ; it has succeeded only in making itself the party of a local dynasty.

It destroyed the cause by limiting the forces which should have contributed to its triumph. Its regular disciplined troops, its arsenals, its well-furnished treasures, could not save it from two dishonourable failures. Rome and Venice, with their banner bearing the Republican device, *God and the People*, fell through the concentration of forces infinitely superior ; but they fell with honour, and their fall has bequeathed to the Italians a greater consciousness of their strength, and of their future, than could have been given by ten victories under any other banner. There is another reason which needs but to be mentioned to have its importance at once felt by English good sense, when unobscured by prejudice or by an entire ignorance of Italian history. The Republican party in Italy is not the offspring of a *system*, a governmental theory, originating in the brain of one man, or of several men ; it springs from *facts* : it is the offspring of tradition, and the exponent of the vital conditions of Italian society.

This not a justification sought for *post factum* :



those who know me, know that I am incapable of such. I am by principle a Republican, that is to say, rationally speaking, there are for me but two legitimate masters, God, in heaven, and the People—the country guided by the best among them, upon earth. The system which, instead of seeking to acknowledge power where it really exists, that is to say, wherever God has given the highest amount of genius and of virtue, places it arbitrarily in aristocratic privilege or hereditary royalty, is to me but the materialism of chance substituted to an enlightened choice. But the fact that a thing be true in principle cannot give the right of suddenly enthroning it in practice. Conviction brings with it the duty of a peaceful apostolate, it does not create the right to realize in application. Humanity is not created here below, we but continue it. Truth is eternal as the stars, but man only discovers the stars in proportion as the power of his telescope is enlarged. The telescope of humanity is its progressive education. The ground must be prepared. Truth must not be the monopoly of a few, but the aspiration, the desire, the prevision of the masses. Is it, or is it not so in Italy? This is the question.

The men who reject the Republican idea with unreasoning antipathy are evidently as much in the wrong as those who make of it the *sine quâ non* of their political action. A Republic may be a good or a bad thing, according to time and place. There is no



general identical solution to the problem. Such could not be the case, unless the moral and intellectual education of humanity were everywhere identical.

Governments cannot be improvised. They must spring from the very heart of the people—from the history, the education, the social organization, the habits and tendencies of the country. They can and they certainly ought to place themselves in advance of the generations they undertake to direct; but they cannot exaggerate the due distance between themselves and the governed, without losing their educational faculty. All education (*educere*) is the development, the purification, and the amelioration of capacities already existing. Wherever the social element is powerful, you may deny it by your laws, but it can only be done by terror and for a short time. It will soon make its way, and give birth to revolution or to anarchy. Wherever this element does not exist, it is useless to endeavour to create it, you will create phantoms not realities. You will bring discredit upon the government, and envy, corruption, and the worst of all anarchies, that of self-interest, upon the governed.

The tradition and the actual position of Italy are equally exceptional. The Italian tradition is eminently republican. In England, the aristocratic element has a powerful influence, because it has a history: well or ill, it *has* organized society: it has



created a power, snatched from royalty, by conquering guarantees for the rights of the subject; it has founded in part the wealth and the influence of England abroad. The monarchical element has still great influence over the tendencies of France, because it also claims an important page in the national history; it has produced a Charlemagne, a Louis XI., a Napoleon; it has contributed to found the unity of France; it has shared with the communes the risks and the honours of the struggle against feudalism; it has surrounded the national banner with a halo of military glory. What is the history of the monarchy and of the aristocracy of Italy? What prominent part have they played in the national development? What vital element have they supplied to Italian strength, or to the unification of the future existence of Italy? The history of our royalty in fact commences with the dominion of Charles V., with the downfall of our last liberties; it is identified with servitude and dismemberment; it is written on a foreign page, in the cabinets of France, of Austria, and of Spain. Nearly all of them the issue of foreign families, viceroys of one or other of the great powers, our kings do not offer the example of a single individual redeeming by brilliant personal qualities the vice of subalternity, to which his position condemned him; not a single one who has ever evinced any grand national aspiration. Around them in the obscurity of their courts,



gather idle or retrograde courtiers, men who call themselves *noble*, but who have never been able to constitute an aristocracy. An aristocracy is a compact independent body, representing in itself an idea, and from one extremity of the country to another, governed, more or less, by one and the same inspiration: our nobles have lived upon the crumbs of royal favour, and if on some rare occasions, they have ventured to place themselves in opposition to the monarch, it has not been in the cause of the nation, but of the foreigner, or of clerical absolutism. The nobility can never be regarded as an historical element: it has furnished some fortunate *Condottieri*, powerful even to tyranny, in some isolated town; it has knelt at the feet of the foreign emperors who have passed the Alps or crossed the sea. The original stock being nearly everywhere extinct, the races have become degenerated amidst corruption and ignorance. The descendants of our noble families at Genoa, at Naples, at Venice, and at Rome, are, for the most part specimens of absolute intellectual nullity. Almost everything that has worked its difficult way in art, in literature, or in political activity, is plebeian.

In Italy the initiative of progress has always belonged to the people, to the democratic element. It is through her communes that she has acquired all she has ever had of liberty: through her workmen in wool or silk, through her merchants of



Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Pisa, that she has acquired her wealth; through her artists, plebeian and republican, from Giotto to Michael Angelo, that she has acquired her renown; through her navigators,—plebeian,—that she has given a world to humanity; through her Popes—sons of the people even they—that until the twelfth century she aided in the emancipation of the weak, and sent forth a word of unity to humanity: all her memories of insurrection against the foreigner are memories of the people: all that has made the greatness of our towns, dates almost always from a republican epoch: the educational book, the only book read by the inhabitant of the Alps or the Transteverin who can read, is an abridgment of the history of the Ancient Roman Republic. This is the reason why the same men who have so long been accused of coldness, and who had in fact witnessed with indifference the aristocratic and royal revolutions of 1820 and 1821, arose with enthusiasm and with a true power of self-sacrifice at the cry of *St. Mark and the Republic, God and the People!* These words contained for them a guarantee. They awoke in them, even unconsciously to themselves, the all-powerful echo of a living past, a confused recollection of glory, of strength, of conscience, and of dignity.

With such elements how would it be possible to found a monarchy surrounded with an aristocracy? How can one speak of a balance of powers, where



there are but two forces—foreign absolutism, and the people? How could one organize a constitutional monarchy where the aristocracy is without a past, and where royalty inspires neither affection or respect?

But there is more. How accomplish a national revolution, that is to say, a work of independence and of unification at the same time, by appealing to forces which do not exist, and suppressing the banner of the people who alone can attain the end.

It should not be forgotten that the Italian National party has tried, or allowed to be tried, every possible experiment on this false route. Desirous of reconciling the prejudices of some of the European governments with the first necessities of the country, all possible means have been exhausted of endeavouring to infuse into the heart of some one of the kings a thought of emancipation and of common country. From Naples to Piedmont, from the Grand Duke of Tuscany even to the Duke of Modena, men have sought to find among these princely families, powerless and incapable, a chief, a king for the country. They have not succeeded. From the Piedmontese conspiracy of 1821 down to that of *Ciro Menotti*, all who have attempted this have expiated their error, by the order of the princes themselves, in exile or on the scaffold.

And nevertheless a last attempt was made on the largest possible scale, in 1848, upon *Charles Albert*



and upon Pius IX. The Republican party gave way before the programme given by the *Moderates*. They perceived that a great experiment had to be worked out; and they yielded to the necessity. Europe knows the result. And the following writings will throw new light upon these pages of our history.

It was only when the betrayal was complete that the National party raised its banner. It had been lowered before Charles Albert; it was raised again, at Venice, on the day when Milan was given up to the Austrian army by the King, who had sworn to bury himself and his sons beneath its ruins. It was raised at Rome, when the flight of Pius IX., and his obstinate refusal to return, imperatively called the people and their representatives into the arena. At Rome and at Venice it gave birth to prodigies of valour and devotion. Two cities alone held the enemy at bay far longer than all the royal resources had done. Had not France joined the absolutist powers, Rome would, at the end of the month of May—her military organization and armament completed—have renewed the war against Austria, which royalty had betrayed. The Piedmontese government divined the intention, and felt how fatal would be the consequences to itself, had the new war of independence been initiated by the Republic. It desired to take the initiative again into its own hands. It did so; and a second trial



met with the same result as the first. The monarchy was beaten. It would be so a third time, were it ever to renew the attempt. Piedmont might, by the forces she possesses, become the emancipator of Italy, but only by an internal transformation which monarchy forbids. Lord Palmerston should reflect upon this. In case of disagreement with Austria, England can find a powerful ally in the Italian NATION alone.

Let the English, who really love our country, never forget that the only important cause for us is the National cause. Other countries have before them the work of progress in liberty, and in material ameliorations in the condition of the disinherited classes ; they *can*, and therefore ought, by the apostolate of intelligence, and by the organization of the party of progress, slowly and peacefully to accomplish this. The case is different with us. We have to *exist* : we have to re-unite in one bond the "*membra disjecta*" of our Italy, to make of them one whole, to constitute the nation, to gain for it a name, a flag, and a right to enter into the association of the peoples. Foreign brute force opposes this. We must overthrow it, and emancipate the soil to the Alps.

The mind can only imagine three solutions to this problem—a sincere union for the sake of this object between all the various Italian governments—a single prince who should combat Austria and



all the other governments of Italy at one and the same time—and the war of the people, of the entire nation arising in its own name, and for its own salvation.

The union between all the princes has been tried, and found impossible. It cannot be otherwise among princes belonging some of them to an Austrian family, and others to a French or Spanish race, all jealous of one another, all afraid of the popular element. The Lombard question adds another impossibility to these. Were the princes once to free Lombardy, it would naturally fall to the share of the neighbouring state, Piedmont. The crown of Savoy would thus group around itself a population of twelve millions, strong and united. Such a state would crush all the others; a balance of power would be impossible. The princes know this.

The leadership of a single prince would be accepted by all parties. But where is he to be found? Where is the man possessing all the qualities of energy, talent, virtue, and devotion, necessary to overthrow all internal obstacles, to conquer the foreigner, and even reduce the Pope to temporal submission? God alone creates genius. We cannot pretend to do his work, nor may we wait for it indefinitely. Can we hope that a man will arise from the corrupt education of a servile people, capable of fascinating all our populations, and of dominating all prejudices and all the opposi-



tion of local selfishness? Could Napoleon himself have existed or have been recognized without the war of the revolution preceding him?

It is then the whole people only that can save itself and Italy. The people must rise, combat, and conquer by its numbers, and by the inexhaustible resources which it has within itself. The National party says no more than this. The Republicans, who form the majority of the party, express their faith, as is their duty; but once upon the theatre of action, they submit themselves to the country. They have said, and they say again, without taking advantage of the favourable position in which events have placed them:—Let the nation arise; let her make herself mistress of her own territory; then, the victory once gained, let her freely decide who shall reap the fruits. Monarch or People, we will submit ourselves to the power she herself shall organize.

Is it possible that so moderate and rational a proposition should be the object of such false interpretations, in a country which reveres the idea of right and of self-government? Is it possible that its leaders should be the object of so much calumny?

It is time that these calumnies should cease. It matters little to us, who act as our conscience dictates, without troubling ourselves as to the personal result; and to whom faith and exile have given the



habit of looking higher than the praise or blame of this earth. But it should be recognised as most important by all who believe that political questions agitated by whole nations, are questions eminently religious. For religion, to all those who see more in it than the mere materialism of forms and formulæ, is not only a thought of heaven, but the impulse which seeks to apply that thought, as far as possible to government on earth, our rule of action for the good of all, and for the moral development of humanity. Politics then are like religion—sacred; and all good men are bound to see them morally respected. Every question has a right to serious, calm, and honest discussion. Calumny should be the weapon of those only who have to defend not ideas, but crimes.

It is immoral to say to men who have preached clemency throughout the whole of their political career, who have initiated their rule by the abolition of capital punishment, who, when in power, never signed a single sentence of exile against those who had persecuted them, nor even against the known enemies of their principles—"You are the sanguinary organizers of *terror*, men of vengeance and of cruelty." It is immoral to ascribe to them views which they never had, and to choose to forget that they have, through the medium of the press here and elsewhere, attacked and refuted those communistic systems and exclusive solutions which tend to



suppress rather than to transform the elements of society ;\* and to say to them, “ *You are communists, you desire to abolish property.*” It is immoral to accuse of irreligion and impiety men who have devoted their whole lives to the endeavour to reconcile the religious idea, betrayed and disinherited by the very men who pretend to be its official defenders, with the National movement. It is immoral to insinuate accusations of personal interest and of pilage, against men who have serenely endured the sufferings of poverty, and whose life, accessible to all, has never betrayed either cupidity or the desire of luxury. It is immoral continually to proclaim, as the act of a whole party, the death of a statesman killed by an unknown hand, under the influence of the irritation produced by his own acts and by the attacks of another political party, many months before the Republican party recommenced its activity in Italy.

The voice of all honest men should cry to the *Times*, the *Quarterly*, and the slanderers who imitate them :—“ Hold ! combat loyally, discuss the principles of these men, judge their official acts ; but do not calumniate them, do not ascribe to them intentions which they repudiate, acts with which they have no concern.”

The Republican party is neither communist, nor

\* See (as far as concerns the writer of these lines,) the *People's Journal*. Articles entitled “ Democracy in Europe.”



subversive, nor unbelieving. It copies no one; it belongs to no foreign sect; it rests founded upon an historical basis, and on a political necessity. It is not the issue of the brain of one man, the utopia of any thinker; it is the result of the internal condition of the country, of our social constitution, of our recollections, and of the impossibility of a national solution from our princes. It seeks not to impose itself by force; it foresees that the voice of the nation will be in its favour, it asks no conditions in its own behalf; it demands of all that they should adjourn these questions, that they should organize to act and to conquer, and then listen to the great voice of the nation revealing its tendencies and its will. It alone has never altered its programme published to the nation twenty years ago: Liberty, Independence, and the National Sovereignty. It gains ground continually, inevitably; all the others lose way, for they mutually exclude one another. All the peoples who would concern themselves now with the future, should henceforward look to the National party, and begin by studying it. For the honour of England, and for her future, a party should be formed which should examine things seriously, which should inform itself and the people as to the truth in all national questions, and urge its government to a path more logical, more virtuous, and more consistent with the principles of England's life than that which it has hitherto pursued. Had such



a party been in existence some time since, England would not have submitted to the disgrace of witnessing the Austrian and French occupation of the heart of Italy indefinitely prolonged, without her government daring to demand of them by what right they arrogate to themselves the sovereign disposal of the fate of a nation which protests. The Italian cause is sacred. Through the religious question it embraces the future of Europe. Politically it would create a counterbalancing power against France and Austria in Europe. Let it at length be worthily treated, and understood. It is hard for a people to struggle, to suffer, and to bleed alone, amid the hostility of all the governments, and the indifference of all the peoples. It is not generous of a nation having the enjoyment and the consciousness of liberty itself, to wait until the hour of victory has sounded for another nation, before she stretches out a sister's hand towards her.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

LONDON, *Sept.* 18th, 1850.







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# ROYALTY AND REPUBLICANISM IN ITALY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### NATIONAL TENDENCIES—MOTIVES OF THE ROYAL WAR—GOVERNMENT DOCUMENTS.

THE Italian movement was each day assuming more and more of that National character, which in reality constituted its most intimate life. The cry of "Viva l'Italia" resounded on the farthest coast of Sicily, was heard in every manifestation of local discontent, and, like the "Delenda est Carthago" of Cato, wound up every political discourse. Elsewhere the populations, weary of suffering and of inequality, were being agitated by the dreams of a new order of things, either social or political. To Italy alone belongs the boast—and herein lies our well-assured hope of a great future for our country—that her children rose or aspired to rise for an idea. They sought a country—they looked to the Alps—



Liberty, the GOAL of other nations, for us was but the MEANS.

It was not that the Italians, as many believed, and as others feigned to believe, were indifferent to their rights, or imbued with monarchical ideas. Except in some corners of Naples or Turin, I do not believe there exists a people more democratic, and consequently, more republican than our own; by its traditions and by its sentiment of civil equality, by the faults of its princes, and its own instinct of its future mission. But the people had too high a consciousness of their own power not to feel that Italy once become a *nation*, must be free; and they would have sacrificed liberty, for a time, to whomsoever Pope, Prince, or worse, who would have led them and made of them a nation. The foremost, although not the most really formidable obstacle to the brotherhood of all those who people this sacred soil of Italy, was Austria. Their first cry was, therefore, *war against Austria*, and the little of Liberty which they had already succeeded in snatching from their masters, was almost exclusively devoted to render this cry more solemn and unanimous.

Already in April, 1846, the petition addressed to the Pontifical Legates assembled at Forli, after setting forth the just complaints of the provinces, wound up by the declaration, that local mal-administration was, for the inhabitants of Romagna, only a secondary question; that the Italian question was the first, and that the most crying sin of the Papal court, was that of being the vassal of Austria.



At Ancona, in August, 1846, the news of the Pontifical Amnesty collected the crowd under the windows of the Austrian Agent, and the popular exultation found a natural expression in the cry of, "AWAY WITH THE FOREIGNERS!"

At Genoa, in November, 1847, when the King went to visit the city, 40,000 persons, hailing a new-born hope, passed before him, the banner conquered from the Austrians in 1746 by the Genoese, floating above the masses, the eloquent programme of their aspirations. Thus it was everywhere, and with all.

Metternich understood the National tendencies of the movement. "UNDER THE BANNER OF ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM," said he to Count Dietrichstein, in a dispatch, dated 2nd of August, 1847, "THE FACTIONS ARE ENDEAVOURING TO ACCOMPLISH AN UNDERTAKING WHICH COULD NOT BE CONFINED WITHIN THE ESTATES OF THE CHURCH, NOR WITHIN THE LIMITS OF ANY ONE OF THE STATES WHICH IN THEIR ENSEMBLE CONSTITUTE THE ITALIAN PENINSULA. THE FACTIONS SEEK TO MERGE THESE STATES INTO ONE POLITICAL BODY, OR, AT LEAST, INTO A CONFEDERATION OF STATES, SUBJECT TO THE DIRECTION OF A CENTRAL SUPREME POWER." Metternich spoke truly, except that all Italy was the *faction*.

It was a sublime moment, when were heard those sounds, which announced the rising of a nation—when the hour struck which should have brought forth into the world of God a new collective life—an apostleship of twenty-six millions of men, now



silent, but who would have uttered to their sister nations the words of peace, fraternity, and truth. Had there been in the souls of our rulers a single spark of Italian life, they would have been impelled to forget dynasty, crown, and power, to become the first volunteers of the Sacred Crusade. They would have said, "Better one hour of communion in a great idea, with an awakening people, than a whole existence in the solitude of a throne, menaced by some and despised by others." But, by the decree of Providence, whose will it is to substitute the era of the people for that of Kings, Princes can no longer elevate themselves to the performance of such a part. They treacherously played with the generous but imprudent tendency, which impelled the people to forget the past, and to sacrifice liberty to the hope of independence; they betrayed both, and deluding the noblest of all popular aspirations, they precipitated us into the abyss in which we now lie.

During the time, which elapsed between the martyrdom of the Brothers Bandiera\* and the death

\* "Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, of high patrician Venetian descent, were the sons of Baron Bandiera, Rear-admiral in the Austrian service. In the month of February, 1844, they were denounced to their father, and to the Austrian government, as conspirators for Italian liberty, by one T. V. Micciarelli, now editing a *Moderate* paper, entitled *Le Tempo di Malta*. They fled to Corfu. From Corfu they planned a descent upon Calabria, deceived into false hopes of exciting an insurrection there, by spies of the Neapolitan government. A traitor was placed among them. He quitted



of Gregory XVI., a class of men had arisen in Italy, educated (however they might preach about Christianity and Religion) in the material scepticism of the 18th century, and in the philosophy of modern French Eclecticism. They called themselves MODERATES ; as if between existence and annihilation, between the future nation and the governments which combat its development, there could ever exist a middle path. This party proposed as a problem to be solved, the *reconciliation of impossibilities*, liberty with princedom, nationality with dismemberment, strength with uncertainty, with disunion in direction. No class of men could have accomplished the solution of such a problem ; but they less than any other. They consisted of writers of talent but without the inspiration of genius, furnished with a sufficient amount of Italian erudition gained from books, and among the dead, but unendowed with the guiding and vivifying light of the power of Synthesis. They understood nothing of the work of fusion which had been silently elaborating

them on their landing, on the 16th of June, and betrayed them. They were surrounded and taken prisoners, after a severe struggle, at San Giovanni, in Fiore, on the 19th. On the 25th, they were shot at Cosenza, with seven of their companions. There is every reason to believe that their designs were discovered, and communicated to the Austrian government, through the notorious and disgraceful "letter-opening" of the English Home Secretary. For a more complete account of the brothers Bandiera, see an article by Signor Mazzini in the *People's Journal*, of February 28th, 1846 ; and his pamphlet, entitled *Ricordi dei Fratelli Bandiera*. Rolandi, Berners Street.



itself during the last three centuries. They had no consciousness of the Italian mission, no power of sympathy with the people, whom they believed corrupted, but who were better than they, and from whom they were separated by their habits of life, by traditional mistrust, and by the instincts still clinging to them, of patrician or of literary aristocracy. By this moral and intellectual separation from the people, the sole progressive element, and the arbiter of the future life of nations, they were shut out from all true prescience, from all faith in the future. Their historic ideas wavered, with some slight modifications, between Guelphism and Ghibellinism. Their political conception, however they endeavoured to clothe it in an Italian dress, did not reach beyond the ideas, which, introduced into France by Montesqueiu, and adopted by Mounier, Malouet, Lally Tollendal, and others of that class in the National Assembly, were reduced into a system by the men who directed public opinion in France, during the fifteen years which followed the return of Louis XVIII. They were Royalists, with an infusion of liberty, enough, and not more than enough, to render Monarchy tolerable, and to assert for themselves the right of publishing their own opinions, and of taking their seats in a constitutional assembly, without extending the same liberty to the masses, through fear of raising ideas of rights which they detested, and of duties of which they did not even suspect the existence. They had, indeed, no belief. They had no faith in the monarchical



principle, like that in days of old inspired by the notion of a divine right embodied in certain families, or by that chivalric affection felt for the individual, which placed the monarch between God and the lady of the heart; "My God, My King, and My Lady-love." Theirs was a passive, inert acceptance, without affection or veneration, of a fact which existed before their eyes, and of which they did not attempt the examination. It was the result of moral cowardice, of a blind fear of the people, to whose upward movement they desired to oppose monarchy as a barrier; of a dread of the inevitable conflict between the two elements, which they did not feel capable of dominating. They feared also that Italy was not powerful enough to reconquer by her own popular forces, even that small portion of independence from the *foreigner*, which they, whose sole merit it was to be anxious for Italian honour, cared only to claim. They put forth their counsels with a great assumption of gravity, and with the air of authority of profound and far-seeing minds; their counsels drawn from other times of normal development, from men occupied in mere parliamentary struggles, and from citizens of nations already made, and propounded by them, to a people, who, on one side, possessed nothing, and on the other, had every thing to win — existence, unity, independence, liberty. To their eunuchs' voices the people replied by the roar and bound of the lion, driving out the Jesuits, exacting the institution of the civic guards and the publicity of debates, and forcing constitu-



tions from their princes; whilst they were recommending silence, legal measures, and abstinence from supplication, that the paternal hearts of their masters might not be grieved. They called themselves *practical, positive* men; they ought to have been called the *Arcadians* of the political world.

These then were the chiefs of the faction, nor have I occasion to name them. To-day, some of them, either from the love of power, or from vanity wounded by the solitude in which they stand, are at the head of the monarchical reaction against the people.

But scarcely had Pius IX. ascended the papal throne when many young men educated with us in the worship of the national idea, and far superior to these chiefs, began to group themselves around them, attracted either by the influence of their discourses, and the prestige of the Pope's first actions, or by the hope of opening to Italy an easier road to a brighter future, after the discouragement of the many abortive attempts of the past: souls pure and religiously devoted to their country, but too yielding, and not sufficiently attempered by nature or by suffering in a severe and energetic faith in the immutable Truth; too soon fatigued by the inevitable sorrows of the struggle, and misinterpreting the need, which we all feel, of authority, into a respect for that already existing, and which seemed about to reconstitute itself.

Below these, and rejoiced to see obstacles and



sacrifices about to diminish, pressed the crowd of the worshippers of calculation, of the mediocre in heart and mind, the lukewarm, whose sleep was troubled by our war-cry, and to whom, on the contrary, the programme of the *Moderates* promised the easy honours of patriotism, as the price of writing some pacific article, of harmlessly tilting with *Lloyd* on the subject of railroads, or perhaps of supplicating the prince to deign to show himself a little less of the tyrant.

And lower still, swarmed the lepers of all parties, the busy race of political jugglers, trading politicians, veritable harpies who sully all they touch, ready in all countries to swear and forswear themselves, to extol to the Heavens, or to calumniate, to launch out or to creep close as the wind blows, for whatever may give them a hope of agitation without personal danger, with the prospect of acquiring some microscopic importance, some petty public or secret employment. A race, God be thanked, rarer in Italy than elsewhere; but yet more numerous, through the effects of a jesuitic, materialist and tyrannic education, than one would wish to see amongst a people great in the past, and called upon to be again great in the future.

Then a voice arose, saying; "our first question is independence, our first conflict is with Austria, a power, gigantic not only in her own elements, but by the ties which unite her with the other governments of Europe! If you threaten your princes, you will not only not have their armies with you, but



you will have them against you ; our people are corrupt, ignorant, unaccustomed to the use of arms, indifferent, without energy or determination, and with such a people, neither can a national war be carried on, nor a republic founded on virtue be established. The people must be first educated, habituated to great actions, and to the moral duties of citizenship. Progress is slow, and marches by degrees. First of all, independence, then the education of liberty ; constitutional monarchy, then the republic. The people's interests can only be secured at opportunities ; and who claims all, obtains nothing. Do not persist in an imitation of the past, of the past of France above all. Italy ought to have a movement of her own, and her own rules for this movement. Your princes are only hostile to you because you have attacked them ; unite yourselves to them, excite them to form commercial industrial and customs-leagues amongst themselves : then will come military-leagues, and you will have armies ready and sure. Foreign Governments will begin to know you better, and Austria herself will learn to fear you. Perhaps we may conquer our independence pacifically, and by pecuniary sacrifices. If not, our princes reconciled with us will gain it for us by force of arms ; then we will think about our liberty."

The second class — good but deceived — sang hymns to Pius IX., who possessed the soul of an honest country priest but of a bad prince, calling him the regenerator of Italy, Europe, and the world ;



they preached peace, oblivion of the past, and universal fraternity between princes and peoples, between the wolf and the lamb; they chanted forth, in moving tones, a canticle of love and hope over a land sold and betrayed for five centuries by princes and popes, and yet reeking with the blood of its latest martyrs.

The last—the intriguers—ran here and there, agitating, meddling; commenting on the given text, buzzing about the strangest news of royal intentions, of promises, of foreign negotiations, repeating words which had never been uttered, striking and distributing patriotic medals, and so forth. Among the people they spread the most foolish stories about the Princes. To us, they mysteriously held out the hand, murmuring in a low voice, “LET MATTERS BE; EVERY THING HAS ITS TIME, FOR THE MOMENT WE MUST USE THE MEN WHO HAVE ARMIES AND CANNON, SOON WE WILL OVERTURN THEM.” I do not myself remember a single man amongst them who has not either said or written to me: “IN THEORY I AM AS REPUBLICAN AS YOURSELF;” and who did not meanwhile do all in his power to vilify and calumniate our party and our intentions.

We were republicans of ancient faith, on grounds which we have many times proclaimed, and which we will yet repeat; but above all, as far as concerns Italy, we were so, because we desired that our country might become a nation. Faith made us patient; the triumph of the principle, in which we have always



been and still are believers, is so certain, that we have no need to hasten it. By the decree of Providence, a luminous decree which shines from afar in the progress of humanity, Europe is fast advancing towards democracy. The most logical form of democracy is Republicanism; the Republic is therefore one of the *facts* of the future. But the question of national independence and national unity required an immediate and practical solution. How to attain this end? The Princes did not desire it. The Pope neither could nor would give it. The people remained; and we raised our voices like our fathers of old, "Popolo! Popolo," accepting all the consequences—all the logical forms of the principle involved in this cry. It is not correct to say that progress *manifests* itself by degrees; it *works* by degrees; and in Italy the national idea has been elaborated during the silence of three ages of general slavery, and through nearly thirty years of assiduous apostleship, often crowned by the martyrdom of the noblest spirits amongst us. Once the soil prepared by hidden labour, a PRINCIPLE is generally revealed by insurrection, in a collective spontaneous and abnormal movement of the multitude, in a sudden transformation of AUTHORITY. As soon as the principle is gained, the series of its deductions and applications develops itself by a slow, progressive, continuous, and normal movement. It is not true that *liberty* and *independence* can be disjoined, and bargained for one after the other. Independence, which is only liberty conquered from the foreigner,



requires, in order not to be a living lie, the collective work of men having the consciousness of their own dignity, the power of self-sacrifice, and the virtue of enthusiasm; and these qualities belong only to free citizens. In the rare contests for independence, sustained without any apparent admixture of political questions, the people have drawn their force from the National Unity already gained. It is not true that a republic cannot be founded without the concurrence of all the severest republican virtues. Such an idea is but an old error, which has served to falsify Governmental theory in nearly all minds. Political institutions ought to represent the *educating* element of the State, and republics are founded in order that the republican virtues which a monarchy cannot produce may germinate in the breasts of citizens. It is not true that the blind force of armies and cannons can suffice to regain independence. In all conflicts for national liberty, it is necessary to have a dominant idea presiding over the material forces, and directing their movements; the banner which floats above the army ought to be but the symbol of this idea; and that banner, as facts have indisputably proved, is half the victory. Besides, to hope for a genuine, ardent, and enduring alliance between Princes, many of Austrian and nearly all of foreign blood, jealous of each other, trembling before their subjects, for their past misdeeds and from a consciousness of the growing European movement, and having no other ally against them



than Austria, is an infinitely more utopian idea than our own.

You cannot hope to found a nation except through a *man* or a *principle*. Have you the man? Have you, among your Princes, the Napoleon of liberty, the hero who can at once think and act, love more than others, and fight better too, the inheritor of the thought of Dante, the precursor of that of the people? Let him arise and reveal himself; but if he be not to be found, let us invoke the principle, and let us not drag Italy in the wake of illusions fraught with tears and blood.

We said these things—not publicly but in private conversations, and in our correspondence with men in the entire confidence of the chiefs of the Moderate party. To those of the *second* class, to the friends who had abandoned us, we turned our looks with sadness, thinking:—*After the trial is finished, you will return to us; but God grant that the trial may not have withered your souls, and destroyed your faith in the destinies of Italy!*

From the last and lowest party, the intriguers, we kept aloof, that we might not be sullied by contact with them. Friends or foes, we were, and we would preserve ourselves, noble and loyal. Nations, we have often said it, are not to be regenerated by a lie.

To our question, the MODERATES replied by pointing out Charles Albert. I speak not of the *King*; whatever his adulators, and the political hypocrites who are now making the posthumous



enthusiasm for Charles Albert, an arm of opposition against his successor—may attempt to say, however sincere the people of the kingdom of Piedmont may be in their illusion, that the idea of the war of independence is symbolised in that name; the judgment of posterity will weigh heavily upon the *man* of 1821, of 1833—of the capitulation of Milan. The nature, the temperament of the individual was such, as to exclude all hope of any enterprise, on his part, for the Unity of Italy. Genius, love, and faith were wanting in Charles Albert. Of the first, which reveals itself by a life entirely, logically, and resolutely devoted to a great idea, the career of Charles Albert does not offer the least trace; the second was stifled in him by the continual mistrust of men and things, which was awakened by the remembrance of an unhappy past; the last was denied him by his uncertain character, wavering always between good and evil, between *to do* and *not to do*, between daring and not daring. In his youth, a thought, not of virtue, but of Italian ambition—the ambition however which may be profitable to nations—had passed through his soul like lightning; but he recoiled in affright, and the remembrance of this one brilliant moment of his youth presented itself hourly to him, and tortured him like the incessant throbbing of an old wound, instead of acting upon him as an excitement to a new life. Between the risk of losing, if he failed, the crown of his little kingdom, and the fear of the liberty which the people, after having fought for him,



would claim for themselves, he went hesitating on, with this spectre before his eyes, stumbling at every step, without energy to confront these dangers, without the will or power to comprehend that to become King of Italy, he must first of all forget that he was King of Piedmont. Despotic from rooted instinct, liberal from self-love, and from a presentiment of the future, he submitted alternately to the government of Jesuits, and to that of men of progress. A fatal disunion between thought and action, between conception and the faculty of execution, showed itself in every act. Most of those who endeavoured to place him at the head of the enterprise, were forced to agree to this view of his character. Some of those intimate with him went so far as to whisper, that he was threatened with lunacy. He was the Hamlet of Monarchy.

With such a man, the Italian enterprise could not succeed.

Metternich, a mind not powerful, but logical, had long judged him, and others also. In the dispatch already cited, he says, "AN ITALIAN MONARCHY DOES NOT ENTER INTO THE IDEA OF THE FACTIOUS—A POSITIVE FACT MUST TURN THEM FROM THE IDEA OF A MONARCHICAL ITALY; THE POSSIBLE KING OF SUCH A KINGDOM EXISTS ON NEITHER SIDE OF THE ALPS—THEY ARE MARCHING STRAIGHT TOWARDS A REPUBLIC."

The MODERATES, also, whose men were neither powerful nor logical, understood that even had Charles Albert the will, he had not the capacity



for realizing the national idea; and they sought to compromise with it, by substituting for the idea of an ITALY, the petty conceit of an *Italy of the North*. Of all possible conceptions it was the worst that the human mind could have imagined. The kingdom of *Septentrional* Italy might have become a *fact*, created by victory, accepted by gratitude, and submitted to by other princes from the impossibility of destroying it; but put forth as a programme, anterior to the fact, it was casting the apple of discord where the greatest harmony was absolutely necessary. It was throwing down the gauntlet to the partizans of the unity of Italy; it was an insult to the Republicans, as it substituted the will of the monarchical faction to that of the nation—it was an outrage to Lombardy, which was willing to sink itself in Italy, but not to sacrifice its individuality to another Italian province—it was a menace to the aristocracy of Turin, already alarmed by the all-absorbing contact of Milanese democracy—it was a scheme of aggrandizement suspicious to France, because in favour of a monarchy, which had for many years been adverse to French movements and tendencies—it was a pretext ready furnished to the princes of Italy, for detaching themselves from the crusade to which their subjects were driving them—it was a grain of jealousy planted in the heart of the Pope—it was a damp to the enthusiasm of all who were disposed to lend their aid, and even to sacrifice their lives in a *national* undertaking, but not for a speculation of dynastic egotism. It created a new



series of obstacles—it overcame none. It gave rise to a new series of logical necessities which must have dominated the war; and which in fact did dominate it, and extinguished it in misfortune and in shame. Nevertheless, such was the thirst of war against Austria, that even this unlucky programme, proclaimed in all sorts of ways, legal and illegal, was received without examination by most. All hoped in the royal initiative; all incited Charles Albert, crying, “*Forward, at all risks.*”

Charles Albert would never have done anything, had not the Milanese insurrection placed him in the alternative of losing his crown, seeing a republic at his side, or of combatting.

The work of Carlo Cattaneo,\* a man who is an honour to our party, relieves me from the necessity of indicating the immediate causes of the glorious Lombard insurrection; causes completely foreign to the manœuvres and false promises of the *Moderates*, who were agitating Turin and Milan. It is a work, which, on account of the extreme importance of its facts and considerations, ought to be read by all. No one has refuted, no one ever can refute it. But, for want of documentary evidence, the opinions now expressed are there only glanced at.

“It appears,” says he, page 96, “that in a manifesto addressed to all the courts of Europe, the King declared, that, in invading the ‘Lombard-Venetian’ kingdom, he had no other aim than to prevent the

\* The Insurrection of Milan in 1848, and the War which followed it. Memoirs by Carlo Cattaneo, Lugano, 1849.



proclamation of the Republic." The documents\* submitted to the English Parliament by Lord Palmerston, on Italian affairs, now place this fact beyond all doubt, and reveal, notwithstanding all the garrulity of the *Moderates*, that the Piedmontese Government, even before undertaking a single step, looked far more to the political than to the Italian question. The war against Austria was in substance, as it ever will be, if directed by monarchical chiefs, war against Italian democracy.

The insurrection of Milan and of Venice, invoked by all true Italians, burst forth amongst a people irritated by thirty-four years of slavery imposed upon Venetian-Lombardy by a foreign government, which was both abhorred and despised. Its immediate provocation arose out of the ferocious conduct of the Austrians, who sought to drown a revolt in blood, and who did not believe in a revolution. It was facilitated by the apostleship, and by the influence which they had meritoriously acquired over the people, of a nucleus of young men, belonging for the most part to the middle classes, and who were all Republicans, with the single exception of one, who however gave himself out for one at the time. It was resolved upon, and this is a solemn boast of the Lombard youth, but too little known, when the abolition of the censorship and other concessions had been already published. Venetian-

\* Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, Part II., from January to June, 1848. Presented by command of Her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament, July 31st, 1849.



Lombardy asked not for *ameliorations*; it demanded *independence*.

The revolution commenced, without being desired or foreseen by the men of the municipalities, or by those who were parleying with Charles Albert. The youth of Milan had been fighting for three days, when these were already despairing of success, and regretting, in a proclamation, the abandonment of legal measures, and the unforeseen absence of the *political authorities*, and proposing armistices of fifteen days' duration. The revolution continued, supported chiefly by men of the people, fighting to the cry of "*Viva la Repubblica*,"\* and directed by four men of the republican party united in a council of war. Alone it triumphed, costing the enemy 4000 dead, and amongst that number 395 cannoneers. These are incontestable facts, henceforth a part of Italian history.

The combat of the people began on the 18th of March. The Piedmontese Government was already extremely disquieted by the news from France, and the extraordinary fermentation which increased each day amongst its own people. Two dispatches prove

\* "Bodies of citizens perambulate the city armed with fowling-pieces, rifles, swords, pistols, and old halberts, carrying tri-coloured flags, with tri-coloured cockades in their hats, crying "*Viva Pio Nono! Viva l'Italia! Viva la Repubblica!*"—Dispatch of the 18th to the 22nd of March, sent from Milan to Lord Palmerston by the English Vice-consul, Robert Campbell.—Cor., Part II., p. 212. For all regarding the condition of the combatants, see the Register of the killed at the barricades, and Cattaneo, page 309.



the alarm caused by the affairs of France; the first, sent from Turin, March 2nd, by Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston;\* the second, signed by Saint-Marsan, the same day, and communicated to Lord Palmerston by Count Revel, the 11th of March.† The internal fermentation forced the king to publish, on the 4th March, the basis of the Constitution (Statuto,) and on the 7th, a movement took place in Genoa, in which the people threatened to follow the example of France.

The news of the Lombard insurrection arrived at Turin on the 9th of March. The enthusiasm was indescribable. The ministers, assembled in council, ordered the formation of a *corps d'observation* on the frontier, with Novara Mortara, and Voghera for its central points. Rumours spread, pointing to an openly republican movement; and a dispatch of the 20th, sent from Turin by Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston,‡ speaking of these rumours, designates them as one of the causes which had most influenced the ministerial decisions.

Meanwhile orders were sent off to bar the road to the volunteers who were hastening to Milan, from Genoa and Piedmont. Eighty Lombards were disarmed on Lake Maggiore.§

On the 20th, the news which reached Turin were uncertain, and slightly unfavourable to the insurrection. The gates of the town, it was said, were

\* Cor., Part II., page 122.      † Idem, page 141.

‡ Idem, page 174.

§ See a document in Cattaneo's book, page 99.



still in the hands of the Austrians, and the people were losing ground for want of arms and ammunition. The excitement still continued at Turin. An assemblage of the people demanded arms from the Minister of the Interior, but was repulsed. Count Arese, who arrived from Milan, to request assistance for the insurrection, could not even succeed in seeing the King, was coldly received by the ministers, and left the same day, discouraged and disenchanted.

On the 21st the reports were more favourable; and the Count Enrico Martini, the *commis voyageur* of the *Moderates*, made to the Milanese municipality and the council of war, the proposal of royal assistance on condition of *absolute surrender* to the king, and of the formation of a provisional government which should make the offer. Eternal shame to those courtiers, who, although Italian born, trafficked for a crown with the blood of brave men jealous of the honour of dying for their country at the very moment when Martini was saying to Cattaneo, "Do you know that it happens very seldom that one has the power of rendering such a service to a king?"\* To a king! The most humble of the workmen fighting cheerfully on the barricades for the banner of Italy, without even demanding what men would profit by the victory, was worth in the sight of God, and will be one day in that of Italy, more than ten crowned kings.

On the 22nd, victory crowned this heroic struggle.

\* Cattaneo, page 60.



The Porta Tosa, taken by Lucien Manara, (since fallen a martyr to the republican cause at Rome); the Porta Ticinese, occupied by the insurgents, the Porta Comasina, delivered by those who arrived from the country, and the enemy's soldiers separated and threatened by immediate destruction;—by the evening Radetski did not retire, he fled.

And then, on the evening of the 23rd, when the victory was assured, and a further isolation would inevitably have separated Milan from the Sardinian government, to give it to Italy—whilst the volunteers of Genoa and Piedmont were breaking their way into the Lombard territory, and the populations indignant at the royal inertia, menaced still worse in the interior—the King, who, on the 22nd, had given by his minister, to the Count de Buol, Austrian Ambassador at Turin, the assurance that “*he desired to second him in all that could confirm the relations of friendship and good neighbourship existing between the two states,\**” signed the proclamation of war.

The first Piedmontese troops entered Milan on March the 26th.

On the 23rd of March, at eleven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Abercromby received at Turin a dispatch, signed L. N. Pareto, of which the contents were as follows: “Monsieur Abercromby knows, as well as the undersigned, the gravity of the events which have just occurred in Lombardy: Milan in

\* Ficquelmont to Dietrichstein, dispatch of the 5th April, Cor., Part II., page 325.



active revolution, and soon to be entirely in the power of the inhabitants, who, by their courage and firmness have resisted the disciplined troops of his Imperial Majesty; the insurrection in all the neighbouring towns and villages, in fact, *all the country bordering on the states of his Sardinian Majesty in flames*. This situation, as Monsieur Abercromby can well understand, reacts upon the state of minds in the kingdom of his Sardinian Majesty. The sympathy excited by the siege of Milan, the spirit of nationality, which, notwithstanding the artificial limitations of different states, is nevertheless powerfully manifested, all concurs towards keeping up in the provinces, and in the capital, such an agitation *that it is to be feared, that from one moment to another a revolution might burst forth, which would put the throne into great danger; for it is impossible to dissimulate, after the events in France, that the danger of the proclamation of a Republic in Lombardy is imminent*. In fact, it appears from positive information, that a number of Swiss have greatly contributed, by their intervention, to the success of the insurrection of Milan. If we add to this the movements of Parma and Modena, as well as those of the Duchy of Piacentia, over which last it cannot be denied that his majesty, the King of Sardinia, has the right of watching, as over a property which will return to him by right of reversion; if we add also, that great and serious exasperation has been excited in Piedmont, and in Liguria, by the conclusion of a treaty between his Imperial Majesty and the Dukes of



Parma, Piacentia, and Modena—a treaty, which, under the appearance of furnishing assistance to these small states, has really engulfed them into the Austrian monarchy, by extending its military frontiers from the Po, where they ought to end, to the Mediterranean, and thus destroying the equilibrium which existed between the divers powers of Italy—it is natural to think, *that the situation of Piedmont is such, that at any moment, at the announcement that the Republic has been proclaimed in Lombardy, a similar movement might burst forth in the states of his majesty, the King of Sardinia, or that at least there would be some grave commotion, which might endanger his Majesty's throne. In this state of things, the King thinks himself obliged to take measures, which, by preventing the actual movement of Lombardy from becoming a republican movement, will avoid for Piedmont and the rest of Italy, the catastrophes which might take place if such a form of government were proclaimed.*”\*

Towards midnight Mr. Abercromby went to Count Balbo, and obtained still more precise information. “He and his colleagues, judging from the various official reports made to them by the Director of the Police, as to the imminent danger that existed of a republican revolution breaking out in this country, should the government delay any longer to assist the Lombards, and seeing, in their opinion, the impossibility of restraining further

\* Dispatch of the Marquis Pareto to the Honourable Ralph Abercromby.—Cor., Part II., page 185.



the great and general excitement that exists throughout the states of his Sardinian Majesty upon this subject, had complied,"\* &c.

The Marquis of Normanby wrote from Paris on the 28th to Lord Palmerston, giving an account of a conversation he had just had with the Marquis de Brignole, Sardinian Ambassador in France. The Marquis had repeated from a dispatch received from Turin, the reasons already enunciated, and insisted particularly upon the following fact, that "Charles Albert had refused the first deputation from Milan to interfere, whilst that city was still in the possession of the Austrians;" adding, that the second deputation had declared to the King, that if he did not hasten to give them aid, he would hear "*the Republic*" at once proclaimed; and that the King had only commenced hostilities *to maintain order* in a territory left by the force of circumstances *without a Master*.†

In another dispatch of the 25th of March, Mr. Abercromby explained to Lord Palmerston, with yet more ample details, the state of affairs in Piedmont at the time of the royal decision—the pacific intentions of the Balbo-Pareto Cabinet—the Lombard insurrection—the immense influence exercised by the people, who threatened to revolt in Piedmont, and to attack the Austrians, in spite of the authority of the government—and the imminent danger

\* Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston.—Cor., Part II., page 184.

† Marquis of Normanby to Lord Palmerston.—Idem, page 206.



of the monarchy of Savoy,—which had *forced* the ministry to take up arms.\*

But this is not all. In the instructions which the Minister of Foreign Affairs sent from Turin to the Marquis Ricci, Sardinian Envoy at Vienna, it was said: “There was reason to fear that the numerous political associations existing in Lombardy, and the proximity of Switzerland, might cause a REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT to be proclaimed. This form would have been fatal to the Italian cause, to our government, and the august dynasty of Savoy. It was necessary to take prompt and decisive measures. The government and the King have not hesitated, and they are profoundly convinced that they have acted, at the risk of all the danger to which they have exposed themselves, *for the safety of all other monarchical states.*”†

This idea was so firmly rooted in their minds, that on the 30th of April, when the war was already advanced, and it was no longer necessary to dissimulate, but only to conquer, Pareto declared again to Mr. Abercromby, “*That had not the Sardinian government decided upon ordering the Piedmontese army across the Tessin at the moment that it did, it would have been impossible to have preserved Genoa from revolt and from separating itself from the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty.*”‡

\* Dispatch of the 25th, from Mr. Abercromby to Lord Palmerston.—Cor., Part II., page 207.

† Pareto to Ricci.—Idem, page 330.

‡ Abercromby to Palmerston.—Idem, page 408.



Under such auspices, and with such intentions, did the Piedmontese monarchy and the Moderates march to the conquest of independence. A deluded nation applauded them—applauded Charles Albert, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Naples, and the Pope. So much love was thrilling in the souls of Italians in those fleeting but happy days, that they would have embraced their most deadly enemies, had they but worn the Italian tri-colour cockade.



## CHAPTER II.

EXIGENCIES AND FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE  
ROYAL WAR—THE REPUBLICANS.

IN the Genesis of facts Logic is inexorable ; nor can it be falsified either by the utopias of *Moderates*, or by the calculations of an oblique policy. In politics, as in every thing else, a principle inevitably involves a system, a series of consequences, a progression of applications, easy to be foreseen by any one with common sense. Every *theory* has a corresponding *practice*. And reciprocally, if the generating principle of a *fact* be falsified or betrayed in its application, that fact is irrevocably condemned to disappear, to perish without development, an unaccomplished programme, an isolated page in the history of a people, prophetic for the future, but sterile in its immediate consequences. For having forgotten this truth, the Italian movement of 1848 ought to have failed, and did fail.

The Italian movement was essentially *national*, a movement of the people endeavouring to define, to represent, to constitute its own *collective* life. It ought to have been supported, and to have conquered, by a people's war, by a war sustained by all the national forces from one end of Italy to the other.



All that was calculated to bring into the field the greatest number of forces for this object, favoured the movement; all that tended to lessen their number was necessarily fatal to the end in view.

A miserable dynastic project contradicted in every way the *generating-idea* of the movement. The royal war had quite a different end in view, and consequently utterly different principles of action, not in the least corresponding with the end which the insurrection had proposed. It would thus necessarily stifle the national war, the people's war, and with it, the triumph of the insurrection.

Those poor minds, who, adverse to our party, yet recognized their impotence to refute us on our own ground, have systematically sought to ridicule our ideas by misrepresenting them. They have endeavoured to confound republicanism and anarchy, social ideas with communism, the need of a unanimous and active faith with the negation of all belief. They have often affected to see in the people's war, a disorderly, confused war, made up of irregular elements and operations, without any ruling idea, without any uniformity of order or material; so that they have even affirmed that we wished to make war without guns or cannon. Ridiculous ideas, but not ours; as the few deeds which have emanated from the republican principle, and which will serve as a prologue to the drama of the future, have sufficiently proved. The small number of men assembled in two Italian cities,\* around the

\* Rome and Venice.



republican flag, have conducted a more scientific, and a more obstinate war than the many attached to the monarchical banner.

By a people's war, we understand a war sanctified by a national object; in which the greatest possible number of forces belonging to a country are brought into action, and used according to their nature and their peculiar fitness, in which the regular and irregular elements of warfare, distributed over a territory adapted to their divers aptitudes, alternate their action; in which it is said to the people, "The cause combated for is yours, the reward of the victory will be yours, the efforts to obtain it ought therefore also to be yours;" a war, in which a *principle*, a grand idea, boldly proclaimed, and loyally applied by men pure in heart, powerful in intelligence, beloved, vigilant and conscientious, excites to an inspired life, and exalts to enthusiasm those capacities for struggle and for sacrifice which are so easily kindled and extinguished in the breasts of a people; a war in which no privilege of birth, favour, or length of service without merit, presides over the formation of the army, but where the right of election applied as widely as it could practicably be, moral teaching alternating with military training, rewards proposed by the different companies, approved by the chiefs, and conferred by the nation, should make the soldier feel that he is not a machine, but a part of the people, armed in a holy cause; a war, in which men's minds are not habituated to place their



safety exclusively in an army, in a man, or in a capital, but where they learn to create centres of resistance every where, to see the cause of the country wherever a handful of brave men raise the banner of victory or death,—a war, in which, a prudent and well-combined plan being held in reserve, in case of serious reverses, the attack proceeds, bold, rapid, unforeseen, relying especially on moral elements and effects, and not restrained by diplomatic considerations, or by old traditionary rules of regular warfare ; a war, in fact, in which the *peoples* are more regarded than the governments, where it is sought rather to enlarge the circle of insurrection than timorously to guard against the enemy's movements, rather to wound the enemy to the heart than to avoid a sacrifice to the country.

And to this war—alone capable of saving the nation and independence — the royal war was obliged, by the inevitable necessity of its traditions and its intentions, to oppose the cold and hierarchical habits of the soldiers of privilege, the dry calculation of mere material elements, and the neglect of all moral elements, of all enthusiasm, of all faith capable of transforming a soldier into a hero of victory or of martyrdom. Contempt and suspicion of the volunteers,—excessive importance given to the capital—the army, such as it was, formed by despotism, with its numerous and inferior officers, with its chiefs, almost all incapable, and some opposed to the war—or worse ;—distrust of every action, of every agitation of the people, which might



have developed more and more democratic tendencies, and the consciousness of rights fatal to royalty; aversion for every adviser, who by his popular influence might have dictated conditions or duties—respect for foreign diplomacy—for treaties, pacts, governmental pretensions dating even from the iniquitous period of 1815, and even when those treaties hindered decisive operations—repugnance to assist republican Venice—refusal of all aid from without, which might have augmented sympathy for the party hostile to the monarchy—worn out tactics, and fear of all bold and novel operations—the persistent, dominant idea of saving at any risk Piedmont and the throne; and, above all, and fatal to all enthusiasm, that germ of dissension between the combatants of the same cause, the substitution of a miserable project of *political* egotism for the grand *national idea*. Such were the inevitable and fatal characteristics of the royal war.\* I speak not, as every one may see, of treachery; if I believed in

\* The unhappy effects of this dynastic idea were indicated with the ordinary perspicacity distinguishing English observation, in a dispatch dated 31st of March, sent to Lord Palmerston by Mr. Robert Campbell, Vice-consul at Milan. “Until now, my lord,” he says, “the greatest union had prevailed amongst all classes; but since his Majesty the King of Sardinia has entered Lombardy, two parties have sprung up; one, the high aristocratical party, is desirous that Lombardy and Piedmont should be united, with his Majesty Carlo Alberto for their sovereign; the other the middle class, in which I must distinguish the commercial and literary people, together with all the promising youth, are for a Republic.—See Cor., Part II., page 294.



its existence, it would not accord with my habits to cast an accusation on a tomb. I assign causes more than sufficient for the ruin of a people's insurrection; and I remind the Italians that they have operated fatally twice in a short space of time, and that they will be attended again by the same result a third time, and as often as a nation can be found blind enough to recommence the experiment.

From the very first days of the war, these causes acted so powerfully, that men must have been blind indeed not to perceive them, and insensible not bitterly to lament them. And blind indeed and insensible were the men of the Provisional Government of Milan, and the *Moderates* of Piedmont and Lombardy, from egotism, from party-spirit, from courtier-like servility, from aristocratic tradition, and from fear of the Republic. The Republicans perceived this clearly; their having said so, though only in whispers, was an unpardonable crime. Hence the base accusations, the wild threats, and the calumnies which they then despised, but which now, when the struggle is over, and when, thanks to their calumniators, Italy is prostrate, it is well to refute.

I am writing notes, and not history; I do not therefore intend in these pages to follow out the faults of the government and the operations of the royal war, the dissolving and ruinous influence of the causes I have signalized. Cattaneo's book, the documents contained in a pamphlet published in 1848 at Venice, by Mattia Montecchi, Secretary



of General Ferrari, and in a recent publication of General Allemandi, the Recital of the last events at Milan, by two members of the Committee of Defence, the official Acts contained in the *Journal of the 22nd of March*, and even the reports dictated for their own defence by our adversaries, confronted with the undeniable evidence of FACTS, contain the whole sad story. It was important to expose the reasons and the necessity,\* which drove Charles Albert on to the Lombard territory, and it is now important to show the line of conduct pursued by the Republicans in these circumstances; for these are points which

\* To the extracts already inserted from public *documents*, it may be well to add two others:—

“My observations were met by declarations that the government were nearly at the end of their resources to control the frantic enthusiasm of the people, and that if a solution of the Lombard struggle was not obtained within a few days, the Sardinian government would be constrained by force of circumstances to take the initiative.

“The accounts received this morning from Genoa are, that a popular demonstration to oblige the governor of the town to send succours to Lombardy, had been calmed by his promising to detach a portion of the garrison for that purpose.”—Abercromby to Lord Palmerston, Turin, 24th of March.—Cor., Part II., page 205.

“The prolongation of the struggle at Milan increased the determination of the people here, and weakened the resources of the government, and at length the danger to the monarchy of Sardinia became in the eyes of the ministers so imminent, that they were forced to acquiesce in the demands for help.

“The present Sardinian cabinet has thus been forced into a line of policy which, had events proved more favourable to them, they would not willingly have adopted.”—Abercromby to Lord Palmerston, Turin, 25th of March.—Cor., Part II., page 208.



have not yet been treated of, or at most but slightly touched upon.

The Lombard insurrection was already victorious at every point, when the royal troops advanced upon the Lombard territory, and pushed onwards to the Tyrol. Volunteers gathered towards that point, driving the enemy before them. The passes which led from thence to the valleys of the Adda and the Ollio, were occupied by our men. The insurrection in Venetia had been accomplished with inconceivable rapidity, and placed in the hands of the mountaineers of Carnia and Cadore, the defiles which lead from Austria into Italy. Palma and Osopo were ours. The Sea and the Alps, as Cattaneo writes, were closed to the enemy; and they would have been so for ever, had the royal war recognized as strategic points, not the fortresses and Piedmont, but the Alps and the Sea, Venice and the Tyrol.

The enthusiasm of the populations was great; equal to the discouragement of the enemy. A subscription opened at Milan, the 1st of April, to provide for the current expenses of the government, had produced by the 3rd, the sum of 749,686 Austrian livres;—a loan of twenty-four millions of francs, proposed by the provisional government, found capitalists ready to subscribe without interest,\*—Men ran to inscribe their names in the FREE CORPS, and in the National Guard,—Women were rivals in the enthusiasm, and almost surpassed

\* Campbell to Lord Palmerston, Milan 3rd of April.—Cor., Part II., page 295.



the young men: they prepared cartouches, went from door to door soliciting subscriptions for the government, and nursed the wounded in the hospitals.\* The Austrians retired on all sides, frightened, and in disorder, harassed by the volunteers, and wanting provisions. The Italian soldiers deserted their ranks; at Cremona, the Albert regiment, the 3rd battalion Ceccopieri, and three squadrons of Lancers; at Brescia a portion of the Haugwitz regiment,† and others elsewhere. An Austrian frigate riding before Naples,‡ and two brigs of war cruising§ in the Adriatic, hoisted the Italian flag, and gave themselves to the Venetian republic. In Italy, there only remained to Austria, and these cyphers are proved by the official reports, 50,000 men,|| defeated, discouraged, and worn out.

And beyond the confines of Lombardy, wherever the language of *si* is heard, there was fermentation, a gathering crusade. The Milanese Insurrection had sounded the tocsin for the Italian Insurrection. At the first news of the movement in Modena, 2000 civic guards of Bologna, 1200, with 300 of the line,

\* Campbell to Lord Palmerston, Milan, 3rd of April.—Cor., Part II., page 295.

† See Radetski's dispatches to the Austrian government.—Idem, page 337.

‡ Lord Napier to Lord Palmerston, Naples, 27th of March.—Idem, page 283.

§ Consul-general Dawkins to Lord Palmerston, Venice, 28th of March.—Idem, page 286.

|| Lord Ponsonby to Lord Palmerston, Vienna, 10th of April.—Idem, page 338.



from Leghorn, the civic guards and armed students of Pisa, and the civic guards and volunteers of Florence,\* assembled at once; and a few days afterwards, to avoid the ruin which threatened him,† the Grand Duke himself was obliged to declare war against Austria. At Rome, the people, the civic guards, and the carabinieri, gave the arms of Austria to the flames, and substituted over the palace of the Austrian embassy, this inscription, PALACE OF THE ITALIAN DIET.‡ Volunteers presented themselves in crowds, blessed by the priests; subscriptions were opened to arm them and send them to the camp. Already, on the 24th of March, many had quitted the city,§ and at the end of the month, 10,000 Romans and 7000 Tuscans were assembled on the banks of the Po, ready to pass it on the side of Lago Scuro.|| At Naples, also, the abhorred ensign of Austria was burnt, and on the 26th of March the list of volunteers was opened, and the King was

\* See George Hamilton to Lord Palmerston, Florence, 24th March.—Cor., Part II., page 259.

† “All these things keep up such an agitation in the capital and in the provinces of the Grand Duchy, that the most terrible commotions may be feared from one moment to another, unless the government hastens to follow the general desire, that our troops and our militia should participate in the struggle.” Neri Corsini to Baron Schnitzer Meeran, Florence, 29th March.—Idem, page 314.

‡ William Petre to Sir J. Hamilton, Rome, 22nd March.—Idem, page 261.

§ William Petre to Sir J. Hamilton.—Idem, page 277.

|| Campbell to Lord Palmerston, Milan, 31st March.—Idem, page 294.



forced to yield before the universal excitement.\* I speak not of Genoa and Piedmont. The volunteers of Genoa—I recall it with pride, not the pride of municipality, but that of affection for the soil where my father sleeps, and which was the birth-place of my mother—were the first to sign, in face of the enemy, the general bond of Italian fraternity with the men of Lombardy.

And beyond Italy, the good news spread with the rapidity of thought, and made men grown grey in exile young again; blessed with new life souls expiring in doubt; blotted out the remembrance of long sorrows, the recollection of the repeated deceptions of the past, and those uneasy forebodings of the future, which were so soon to be verified.—A single thought inspired every glance, and breathed through every accent, in our deep emotion, “WE HAVE A COUNTRY! WE HAVE A COUNTRY, to whose service at length we shall be able to devote ourselves.” And to her we hastened with lofty brows, and souls filled with Italian pride, over those lands which we had traversed, wandering and despised, but which now resounded with a cry of surprise and applause for *our Italy!* May God pardon those who calumniated our souls in those moments of love and national worship! They, *the Moderates*, received at Genoa, with fixed bayonets, and escorted disarmed to the camp, like malefactors, the Italian workmen who hastened from Paris and London, conducted by

\* Napier to Lord Palmerston, Naples, 27th and 28th of March. —Cor., Part II., page 284.



General Antonelli, to combat in the battles of independence. They accused us of conspiracy ; we only conspired to forget. Ah ! when I think of these men, who could not understand our hearts, I call to mind the words of St. Theresa speaking of the damned, " Unhappy ones, they cannot love."

But all this emotion, all this enthusiasm which was inciting Italy to great deeds, spoke of the *people* and not of the *prince*, of the nation and not of miserable dynastic speculations. To attack it openly was impossible. And although Martini at first, and then Passalacqua, had only offered the royal assistance on condition that Milan should pass under the king's domination—although the greater part of the men composing the provisional government of Milan were inclined to, and some even bound to those conditions ; yet no one dared to stipulate openly for the price of an uncertain victory. The lion roared yet ; he must first be tamed. In an address to Charles Albert begging for assistance, the provisional government of Milan had, as early as the 23rd of March, conveyed to the King and his diplomatists the real nature of its intentions.\* Nevertheless, its public declarations contained a

\* Your Majesty . . . will certainly receive the applause and gratitude of the people. We would wish to add more, but our position as a provisional government, does not allow us to anticipate the votes of the nation, which undoubtedly are all in favour of a greater strengthening of Italian Unity.—Address of 23rd March, communicated by Count Revel to Lord Palmerston on the 3rd of April.—Cor., Part II., page 264.



programme which deferred the decision of the political question to the day of victory, confiding it, when that day should arrive, to the good sense of the people—“*when all shall be free all will speak. After the victory the nation will decide.*”

Such was the tenor of the proclamations of the 29th of March, and of the 8th of April, &c. And these declarations made to the Lombards, to the Venetians, to Genoa, and to the Pope, were also made on the 27th of March to France. “*In such a state of things,*” it was said, “*we abstain from every political question,—we have solemnly and repeatedly declared that, after the struggle, it would belong to the nation to decide upon its own destinies.*”\* And Charles Albert himself announced, in his proclamation of the 23rd of March, that the Piedmontese arms came to “*lend to the peoples of Lombardy and Venice in their ulterior efforts, that assistance which brother may expect from brother, friend from friend.*” Soon afterwards he announced at Lodi, that his arms by shortening the struggle, “*would restore to the Lombards that security which would permit them to apply themselves, with a calm and tranquil spirit, to the regulation of their political life.*”

This at any rate was an honourable proposition ; the Republicans accepted it as such, they kept to it loyally ; they were betrayed, and then calumniated.

If amid the barricades of March, the republican banner had been elevated, planted by the hand of

\* The Provisional Government of Milan to the Provisional Government of France.—Cor., Part II., page 355.



the people,—if the men who directed the insurrection, assuming a grand revolutionary initiative, had rendered themselves the interpreters of the idea then moving the heart of the multitude—the independence of Italy would have been secured. All know, and we better than others, how the assistance of the Swiss battalions, refused by the federal government to the King, was offered by the Cantons to the *republican* insurrection; whilst the French government, very distrustful then of the intentions of Charles Albert, and uncertain as to the line of conduct which he would pursue, would have found it impossible to withstand the popular enthusiasm in our favour, and the necessities of its republican policy. And in Italy herself, passing by the question of foreign succour, such was then our strength, and the unanimity of our hatred against Austria, that, under the guidance of capable and energetic men, it would have been easy for us to have obtained a decisive victory. Perhaps, the terror of this fatal name—Republic,—and the impossibility of combating the irresistible impulse of the Italian crusade, might have thrown some of our princes into opposition, and provoked the defections which in fact took place later. This would have been a new guarantee of safety for us, as then we should have had no traitors in our camp. But, the time was not yet sufficiently ripe for republican unity, as necessary for us as independence itself; for independence without unity cannot exist, and foreign artifice and influence would make *divided* Italy, in a very few years, the theatre of the most deadly



civil wars. That the *Italy of the people* might have a well-recognized probability of existence, it was necessary that ROME should show itself worthy of being its capital. However, the republican banner was not displayed; the people and the monarchy remained united in face of the enemy upon the Lombard territory: the people, of whatever political party, had accepted the programme of political neutrality, of the provisional government; and the Republicans resolved to renounce all political initiative, to wait patiently until the will of the people should be manifested at the end of the war, and to consecrate all their efforts to the conquest of independence—and even the liberty of this devotion of the Republicans to their country was meanly contested by the men of the *provisional government*, and by the MODERATES, the leaders of the dynastic cause.

The wandering and agitated life which the true believers in the republican faith, had been subjected to for so many years, prevent us from proving facts by letters, dates, and journals. But I affirm on my honour the truth of every syllable I write. Our accusers are living; let them refute me, if they can, and if they dare. I regret being obliged to mix up my own name with these recitals; but since I was chosen, deservedly or not, matters little—by friends and enemies to represent in part, the republican thought, I owe to the honour of the banner what I would not do for myself. I treated with a disdainful silence, expressive of my utter contempt,



the false accusation which was levelled against me from all quarters during my stay at Milan, of having by an obstinate adherence to my own political ideas, ruined the war. It would have been said then that I sought to exculpate myself from fear, or from a desire to avoid the tempest which threatened me. But it is now all-important that Italians should know the truth as to those men, who summon them to work for the cause.

The facts are these; we had no faith that the provisional government, taken collectively, could ever prove equal to its undertaking. But as from love of concord, we had accepted the programme of neutrality between the two political principles, we could not advance to power men openly republican, and thus throw down the glove to the suspicion and irritation of the party opposed to our own. Therefore the most influential amongst us rallied around the members of the government, hoping, on the one hand, that our counsels might be of service, and on the other, that the country, seeing us united, might not cool in its enthusiasm; and finally that our frequent contact would maintain these men, if only from shame, in the line of conduct so solemnly adopted by them. The first words I uttered at Milan, were words of encouragement for the government; the second, requested of me by one of the supporters of monarchy, were a prayer to Brescia that it would sacrifice, in its discussions with Milan, every local right, to union and centralization, then indispensable to the success of the war.



In order that the various branches of the great Italian family might learn to love and to esteem each other, and to mix fraternally on the battle-field, in order that the people might retain with the consciousness of sacrifices accomplished, the consciousness also of its own rights—and lastly, because we distrusted its chiefs, and whilst others were hymning victory before the battle, we foresaw the possibility, even the probability, of failure,—we wished that the country should arm, so as to be able, at all events, to defend itself: we wished, that at the side of the regular allied troops, the element of the volunteers, the armed representatives of the people, should be maintained and strengthened. We desired the prompt formation of the Lombard army, on a good basis and with efficient officers.

The provisional government aimed at the reverse of what we desired.

Ignorant in war, as in all else; firmly convinced that the royal army would suffice for every thing; bound, for the most part, to the pact of monarchical fusion, and stupidly thinking that the only means of conducting the enterprise to a good end, was to enable the King to conquer alone, and to reduce the people to a choice between Austria and him; not very loyal, and therefore little disposed to believe in the loyalty of others, inclined to political intrigue from poverty of heart and of intellectual conception, — the most influential members of the provisional government, worked with all their strength to prepare public opinion for the Pied-



montese monarchy, and to raise up enemies to our party. Of things necessary for the war,—arming the people, the general conduct of affairs, the care of keeping up military ardour in the country, of all this, none took heed. The best amongst them did not participate in the project, but associated themselves with the action and inaction of their colleagues, from weakness of character, or through the influence of individual friendship.

The conduct of the Republicans was simple and undisguised.

Before my arrival at Milan, during the days which followed the people's victory, the young men of the barricades formed a public democratic association, whose statutes were communicated to the government. The government having announced that it would convoke with the least possible delay\* *a national representation, in order that a free vote, a true expression of the popular will*, might decide upon the future destinies of the country, it was natural and fitting that the republican element should manifest its existence by a legal act. But this duty accomplished, and the line of conduct, alluded to above, adopted, the association put aside all political questions, and in its rare public meetings, addressed itself only to measures of war. I took no part before the 12th of May, except once—to give in my act of adhesion to my brethren in belief, and to propose that the government should be urged onwards, and supported. “LA VOCE DEL

\* Proclamation of the 8th of April.



POPOLO," a journal directed by the most eminent among the Republicans, conformed to this view. It published excellent advice upon the war and finances. It endeavoured to make the vitality of the people pass into the government. The political question was rarely touched upon, and only in passing; and the word *Republic* was studiously avoided.\*

But the government, scarcely formed, had become a corpse, and all the galvanism of republican counsels could not have infused life into it.

Bound, even before its formation, to a pact of servitude, the government distrusted us, the people, the volunteers, itself, everything, except the "*magnanimous prince*." And the *magnanimous prince* figured in all its proclamations, discourses, and grandiloquent bulletins, so that every one might become accustomed to look to him, and the army which followed him, as to the anchor of the country's safety. In these first days every skirmish which took place near the fatal Mincio was magnified into one of the battles of Napoleon; and, according to their reckoning, by the middle of the campaign, when the Austrians began to be really menacing, they ought to have been already well nigh exterminated. The movement of all Italy upon Lombardy, and the lagoons of Venetia, was, through the policy of the

\* The paper, "*The Lombard*," edited by a certain Romani, a stranger, and even, I know not if justly or unjustly, suspected by the Republicans, in one of its articles made violent war upon the government, and was brutally suppressed.



party of the *fusion* rendered too late and useless. Victory, they said, was certain, infallible. Our advice was listened to with courtesy; sometimes demanded; never followed. The people slumbered in confidence.

But there was yet worse. Whilst we said; “*aid the volunteers, encourage them, send them on towards the Alps;*” the destruction of the volunteer element, republican for the most part, was already sworn; sworn from the last days of March, when Teodoro Lecchi was named to the command of the future army. They were left without arms, without clothing, without money, and violently accused each time that necessity obliged them to provide for themselves; pushed forward to the Tyrol and the passes of the Alps, then prevented from fighting; forced to quit those positions and to abandon the rising insurrections; and recalled at last, they, the conquerors of the five days, wounded to the heart—to be dissolved.\* Whilst we were preaching unceasingly the immediate creation of a Lombard army, and were pointing out the necessary regulations and mode of its formation, the arming of troops was hindered, was arrested, and the thousands of Italian soldiers, who had deserted the Austrian banner for us, were dispersed, whilst the instruction of those who presented themselves for service, was confided

\* See Cattaneo's book, chaps. vii. and viii. *The Military Expedition in the Tyrol*, May 1848, Italy: and *The Volunteers in Lombardy and the Tyrol*, by General Allemandi, Berne, 1849; and the Correspondence.



to Piedmontese officers out of service, and of whom some had been dismissed the ranks for misconduct.

I remember, that in answer to my reiterated requests, that in order to render the war more national, and to furnish a young army with men already formed for a war of insurrection, as its officers, our exiles, who had commanded in Spain, Greece, &c., might be summoned, I was told, that "NO ONE KNEW WHERE THEY WERE." I was not thus to be wearied out, and as *I did know where they were*, I obtained authority to summon them, and to authenticate my appeal, the signature of the secretary Correnti. But when they arrived, the minister Collegno, alleging that circumstances were changed, refused their services.\* And whilst on our side, to rally to our cause the free thought of Europe, we offered the legions formed of French and Swiss volunteers—from the king's camp came prohibitions to the government; and to obey these prohibitions, the government broke the treaties just concluded with Berne and the Canton de Vaud. Garibaldi himself, when he arrived from Monte Video, was he not coolly, almost scornfully received at the monarchical camp, and then sent to Turin, to see *if* and *how* he could be employed by the minister of war?

\* Major Enrico Cialdini said to Collegno, "that he was determined not to have made a journey for nothing, and that before returning to Spain he would go and seek an Italian wound as a common soldier at Venice." He went and was wounded in the ranks.



Whilst these things were passing at Milan, the royal war keeping aloof from the Alps, sluggishly confined itself within the circle of the fortresses. In the meantime, the Austrian army re-organized, re-inspired, and re-victualled, waited for and received reinforcements. The Tyrol was closed to Charles Albert by the treaties of 1815; the defence of Venetia was partly hindered by the secret manœuvres of foreign governments, and by distant hopes of reconciliation with Austria, and in great part by hatred, shamelessly avowed, to the republican flag.\* The Italian princes found a pretence to aid them in withdrawing from the war, and in cooling the ardour of their subjects, in the ambitious views, which the promoters of the *Italy of the North* imprudently, unskilfully made manifest everywhere. Pius IX. forbade the Romans to cross the Po. Cardinal Soglia corresponded in cypher with Inspruck. Corboli-Bussi went to the king's camp to exhort to

\* I do not enter into details, they will be found in Cattaneo's book, in the documents collected by Montecchi, and in the history of the campaign: but I cannot refrain from citing here a document unknown till now. "The undersigned . . . hastens to inform Mr. Abercromby, that the order is given to the commanders of the Royal Navy, to let all merchant ships under the Austrian flag navigate freely wherever met. . . . The commanders have also received the order, not to enter into any act of hostility against Austrian men-of-war, except in case of provocation.—Turin, 29th March, 1848.

Signed "L. N. PARETO."

Cor., Part II., page 265.

This dispatch is confirmed by another of April 19th, and by the instructions of the Sardinian Admiralty.—Cor., Part II., page 381.



defection and to conspire.\* The doom of Italy was sealed.

There were moments when the provisional government seemed to awake to a sense of the real condition of things, and of its own duties; and then, as if by instinct, it divined where energy was to be found, and turned towards the Republicans; but it betrayed its promises and lulled itself to sleep again on the morrow—a secret message from the camp, a word from an intriguing courtier sufficed to change its intentions. The poor people, already bewildered in numberless ways by political charlatans, drew perhaps from this apparent, but inefficacious contact between us and the government, new illusions of security. I will cite a single example:—

The news of the fall of Udine had struck all minds with terror. At midnight I was summoned to the government, where I found several influential Republicans assembled. It was necessary, said the members of the government, to raise the country, to prepare it for a tremendous effort, to call upon it to save itself by its own force—and they asked us to indicate the means. I wrote on a scrap of paper several things, which I believed would contribute to the end to be attained; but declared that they

\* “I have been informed from a source on which I can place reliance, that the Pope has sent positive orders to his troops, not to cross the Po. Monsignor Corboli-Bussi has passed through Florence from Rome, and I understand that he is sent on a mission from the Pope to the King of Sardinia, recommending him to retire with his troops within his own frontier.”—Sir G. Hamilton to Lord Palmerston, Florence, April 14th.—Cor., Part II., page 358.



would be inefficacious if the government charged itself with their execution. "God alone," continued I, "can bring forth life from death. Your government is deservedly discredited. Until now, you have done every thing to weaken enthusiasm, and to create, by falsehood, a fatal security: and *you* cannot suddenly start up and preach the people's war and crusade, without causing the cry of *treason* to be uttered by the masses. New measures, new men. I ask for no dismissals, which just now would look like flight; but choose three men monarchists or republicans, it matters not, but men who *know and will*, and who, if not beloved, at any rate are not despised by the people; and under the pretext of the enormity of your labours, or under any pretext you will, let them be charged with all care and authority in the affairs of the war. From them let all the measures I have now proposed to you, emanate; to-morrow, we will rally round them, and be their guarantees towards the people." One of the means proposed was levies *en masse* of the five classes; whilst the government thought it was doing too much by calling out the three first only, and putting off the convocation of the whole until the month of August, *because then the peasants would have had time to gather their harvest*. They added this blasphemy, that *the peasants were Austrian at heart*; whilst the poor peasants of the two first classes were revolting against the surgeons who rejected some of them as not fit for service! I insisted that at least another appeal should be made to the volunteers,



and offered myself as guarantee, feeling sure that the example would be followed in all the towns, by engaging to form a legion of a thousand volunteers at Milan, provided I was allowed to placard the appeal, and to inscribe my name as the first. I retired, *applauded, and with a promise of assent.*

Two days after the consent for the enrolment of the volunteers was recalled, and as for the Council of War, it was transformed into a *Committee of Defence for Venetia*, and then into a *Committee of Aid for Venetia*, composed of members of the government, and then it disappeared. Castagneto, Charles Albert's secretary and *factotum*, had said, "that the King did not choose to have an army of enemies in his rear." Did space permit, I could cite many other similar examples.

Thus passed the first period of the war. In the second, the government changed its tactics. The *Moderates* began, I think, to see approaching ruin, and in order to form a *precedent*, in view possibly also of a very uncertain future, they became frantic for the monarchical *fusion*. They went raving through all the public places, promising that Milan should be the capital of the new kingdom; they fanaticized, by all sorts of lies, the ignorant masses against the Republicans, who they asserted were leagued with Austria, and yet were also the proposers of the *levée en masse* :\* they persecuted the

\* Enrico Cernuschi was menaced and imprisoned, as well as Agnelli, Terzaghi, Perego and others. A certain Fava exercised over Cattaneo, and the men who had directed the March movement



provisional government for not hastening enough. And the members of the government, believing or not in their wild promises, kept repeating by their agents to the people—to that people they had so long lulled in blind confidence—that the danger was becoming grave, that men, money, every thing in fact was wanting for the defence of the country ; but that on condition of a proof of confidence in the King, on condition of the *fusion*, there would come from Genoa millions of crowns, from Piedmont thousands of soldiers, and from Heaven benedictions ; and that thus without levies, without great sacrifices, Lombardy would see her liberty accomplished. With the Republicans whom they had already firmly resolved to betray, their feigned friendship changed to sudden coldness ; they affected suspicions of conspiracies on their part of which they believed nothing. Conspiracies and wherefore ? If overthrowing that pitiful phantom, which styled itself a government, could have changed the fate of the war, the Republicans could have overturned it in two hours.

an espionage worthy of Austria. Inscriptions on the walls, and anonymous letters, menaced me with death. A certain Cerioli, I forget if after or before the 12th of May, stuck up at all the corners of the streets a long placard of which the conclusion was, “that I had refused to see my mother on account of the diversity in our political opinions.” At this very moment, my poor mother was journeying towards Milan to embrace me, and give her blessing to my faith, after an exile of nearly twenty years. I know not that any Republican has ever fallen so low as thus to calumniate the private life of his political adversaries.



At the beginning of this second period, when the government had already decided upon violating its programme, when I was attacked on all sides, because of my silence, by calumnies and menaces, there came to me, sent from the camp, a bearer of strange propositions, an old friend, a warm and loyal patriot. He came in the name of Castagneto, the King's secretary, and proposed: that I should constitute myself a *patron of the monarchical fusion*—that I should endeavour to draw over to the royal party the republicans—that I should have in return as much democratic influence as I could wish in the construction of the articles of the constitution that would be given. He proposed also an interview with the King, and I know not what else besides.

Our first aim, and the eternal wish of our souls, was and is, *Independence* as regards the foreigner: the second, the *Unity of the Country*, without which independence is a lie: third, the *Republic*—and with regard to this, indifferent to our individual fate, and sure of the future in our country, we had no need to show ourselves intolerant. To whomsoever could have assured me of the independence and prompt unity of Italy, I would then have sacrificed, not my faith, which was impossible, but all active labour for its speedy triumph; for me, solitude and the capability of which none can deprive me, of consigning to print, and of publishing those ideas which I believe useful to my country, would always suffice. In their love for independence, the Republicans had not waited for the prayers of a King to be silent con-



cerning the Republic. But just then all the question was in the war. We regarded the federalist conception of an *Italy of the North*, as fatal to the war, as too ambitious for our princes and for diplomacy, and as insufficient for the people of Italy. Thanks to this conception, popular enthusiasm was already extinct, and the governments were already showing their hostility; the resources of the country were paralysed, and the chances of war already too much increased against us. To turn it in our favour, to reanimate that spirit which breaks down all obstacles, there was but one way,—*war*, not of *princes* but of the *nation*. And for this, it needed a man who would dare all, and who would bind himself not to retreat from the enterprise, from egotism or weakness. Did Charles Albert wish to be that *man*? If so, he must forget his poor Savoyard career, and become indeed really *the Sword of Italy*. Since all the governments were hostile to him, he must break with them all avowedly, and assemble around him, united and exalted by one great thought, all the patriots which Italy could number, from the Alps to the farthest confines of Sicily. Thus we should have known that he spoke and intended to act seriously, and we should have used every effort to raise in his aid all the revolutionary elements of Italy. If he did not mean this, better was it to leave us in peace. We could, and we ought even, to sacrifice for a time our banner, to the safety of Italy; but we neither could nor ought to sacrifice it, and with it whatever influence we had gained over the destinies of our



country, by the constancy of our faith, to a King, who would risk nothing himself, who refused to commune with the Italian idea, or to better the conditions of the war, and who might at any time have withdrawn at his pleasure from the arena, saying to us, "*You also, you believers, have made a compromise.*" Such was nearly my reply to the messenger. Questioned afterwards as to what guarantees the King must give us as to his concurrence in the work of *Unity*, Let him sign, said I, a few lines which may show what his intentions are; and requested to draw up these lines, I took a pen and wrote them. They were, with a few variations in form, which I have forgotten, the same which I designedly inserted, a short time after, in the programme of the *Italia del Popolo*, published at Milan; and I transcribe them here.

"*I feel that the time is ripe for the unity of our country; I hear the shudder which thrills and oppresses your souls. Up! Arise! I lead the way. Behold, I give you as the gage of my good faith, the spectacle hitherto unknown to the world, of the priest-king of the new epoch; an armed apostle of the idea-people, architect of the temple of the nation. In the name of God and Italy, I tear the ancient treaties which kept you dismembered, and which are dripping with your blood. I call upon you to overthrow the barriers which still separate you, and to group yourselves into legions of free brethren around me, your leader, ready to conquer or die with you.*"



The friend departed—a few days after, I was shewn a letter of Castagneto's which said, "*I see very well nothing can be done on that side;*" and I ask, on the other hand, when may we expect an idea, generous, potent in its spirit of love, containing the future of a nation, to take root in the heart of a King?

We continued to be silent\* in regard to the political question, and to aid the war as we best could by our labour and advice. But the war was no longer Italian, no longer even Lombard. It was a Piedmontese war, the war of a faction. Ministry, organization, administration, all were in the hands of men devoted to it. The government had no other mission than to receive bulletins from the camp, sound the praises of the King, and prepare the fatal decree of the 12th of May; and it went forth. The programme of neutrality was violated, when the sinister events, which already caused the final catastrophe to be foreseen, made more imperative the duty of abiding by it in order not to throw new seeds of discord into the camp, in order not openly to take away a national character from the war; and to leave at least a principle to the future insurrection. We pleaded, we conjured the government, but in vain. It desired servitude.

Then, and then only, we felt the necessity of protesting in the presence of all Italy. Those who were at Milan at that time know that it could not be

\* In all the frequent dispatches forwarded to Lord Palmerston from Milan, not one speaks of Republican agitation.



done without danger. And this ought to be for all, friends or foes, a new proof that we had only kept silence thus long through love of our country, and that we might not break a union, which though only existing in appearance, might have proved useful to the war.

The day after the decree, we published the following document :—

*“ To the Central Provisional Government of Lombardy.*

“ GENTLEMEN !

“ After the prodigies of the five days, when the people sublimely confiding in the results of its victory—the people, sole sovereign in this land redeemed by its own blood—accepted you for its chiefs, it confided to you a double mandate. It bade you provide for the complete emancipation of the country ; it called upon you to prepare the way for the due expression of its wishes concerning the future destinies of the land, so that those wishes might be spontaneously expressed, that they might be enlightened by fraternal discussion, accepted by all parties, solemnly legalized in the face of all Europe, purified from every low hope or fear, and worthy of Italy and of ourselves. And the peoples of Italy who all knew themselves to be our brethren, sent us, as well as distance and the circumstances of the time would allow, soldiers for the holy war, and tacitly confirmed the same mandate. They understood that here, upon the Lombard soil, where



the revolution and the triumph had been the people's work, the destinies of all Italy were in question; that here, in a most important portion of Italy, the free and thoughtful vote, of several millions of generous men was to testify conclusively to the true tendencies, the instincts, the desires, which were fermenting in the minds of the masses, and which must decide their new life.

"You then understood this mandate, gentlemen, or you appeared to understand it. And because you found in yourselves neither the power nor the right of the initiative, you declared solemnly, and repeatedly, that the initiative belonged solely to the people, and that the people alone, the territory once free, and the war terminated, would have to decide, in a constituent assembly, upon the forms which ought to regulate its political life.

"In giving forth this declaration, you assuredly did not contemplate that which was impossible, that a whole people should rest indefinitely silent upon the questions most important, most vital to itself; you could not reasonably pretend that it ought to combat without knowing wherefore; that it should vanquish, without asking what would be the fruits of its victory; that it should make itself a soldier of liberty, and yet commence by abjuring liberty for itself, and by renouncing its right of pacific and fraternal discussion.

"Opinion gradually revealed itself. This was well; it was the preparatory education, which you did not give to the people, but which was offered to



it by the best of its brethren, in order that, on the day of meeting of its assembly, it might be prepared with an enlightened and thoughtful vote: it was a proof given to attentive Europe, that the Lombard populations were not excited by a blind spirit of reaction, but that they felt that the time was ripe for them to enter, with a due consciousness of rights and duties, into the great community of nations. This ought not to have alarmed, but to have rejoiced you. You ought to have used all your influence to keep an open field for all, to preserve the discussion of the question from all intrigues and intolerance, and to keep it within the bounds of a pacific and fraternal disputation. You know, gentlemen, which, amongst the various opinions put forth was the first to pass the accepted limits of the discussion. You know that, whilst the opinion to which the undersigned think it an honour to belong, kept itself calmly and tranquilly within the arena of persuasion—whilst it insisted only upon the legal ground determined by you, and supported you on every occasion, and with all its power—whilst it even exaggerated to its own detriment the virtue of moderation,—others, more impatient, because less confident in the justice of their views, became so violent as almost to change the discussion into a quarrel, the friendly word into a menace. Popular as you then were, it belonged to you to interfere as conciliators; you did not do so. A short time afterwards, men in some of the provinces, misled into dangerous and illegal schemes, openly attempted the dismemberment of



the collective unity of the state, spoke of immediate surrender without the consent of their brethren, and violating the obedience due to your central government, prepared the way for the anarchy of the country. They formed lists, and invested with the prestige of some secondary authority, presented them to the deceived men of the people, to the ignorant inhabitants of the villages; they hastily collected signatures, and in many places obtained them by subtle arts and by suborning names. These abuses, these frauds were known to you, gentlemen! Complaints were addressed to you, and proofs afforded. Some amongst us remember your expressions on the subject, and, if needful, will reveal them to history. It was your most sacred duty to punish these attempts, to enlighten, by your official proclamations, the deceived populations; to repeat to them, to repeat to all, your programme, and the reasons which required its maintenance; to spread it everywhere, by all the means which were in your power; to appeal to the love of country, and to the good sense of your fellow-citizens. You did not do so; and whilst the agitation produced by such manœuvres in the unconscious people, required, to appease it, a word from you, and many of the honest adherents of all parties made you this request, you refused to comply with it. You enveloped yourselves in a fatal and inexplicable silence; you remained immovable whilst this state of things was becoming daily worse; and now you exaggerate, and you invoke it, in order to exculpate yourselves



from the charge of violating your programme accepted by the nation. And now, when the love of country, and the right sense of the Lombards begin, by their own work, to diminish the dangers which threatened us ; now, when some of the deceived towns are beginning, unasked by you, to return to their adhesion to the ancient programme ; your decree of the 12th May abandons and sacrifices it ; it sanctions those fatal proceedings, and calls the citizens, totally unprepared, to decide at once on the fate of the country, by an illegal, illiberal, and indecorous method invented for the exclusive triumph of one opinion over another.

“ The system of registers is illegal, because it violates by your authority, the programme which was the condition of your political existence before the country ; and because it takes from the *Constituent Assembly* the most vital, the most decisive of all questions.

“ It is illiberal, because it suppresses discussion, the indispensable basis of the vote, because it suppresses one of the inalienable rights of the citizen, and substitutes a mute and servile act of obedience to command, for the deliberate and public expression of the country's conscience.

“ It is indecorous, because it is hurried ; because it tends to change that which ought to be a proof of love and of thoughtful conviction, into a capitulation dictated by fear ; because the pending war and the presence of an army representing but one opinion, deprives the vote of all dignity ; because, in the



eyes of Italy, and of Europe, we shall appear, most wrongfully, to have been guided by our personal interests and our fears; and the generous men, who are our brethren, and who, in combating for us, have saluted us as brothers, may be mistaken, most wrongfully also for our conquerors.

“ This scheme is fabricated expressly and evidently for the triumph of one opinion over another, because it chooses to impose itself the very moment when that one opinion has succeeded in preparing the way for itself by all sorts of means and all sorts of manœuvres; and because you do not even ask the people whether or not they intend to make a final decision, but you force a final decision upon them, excluding from your registers one of the solutions of the problem, and suppressing any expression of it.

“ Gentlemen, you have violated your mandate.

“ We believe it our painful duty to say this; most painful, not for the sake of Italy, for the destinies of Italy belong to a far higher sphere than that in which provisional governments flourish or decay, but because we have long loved and defended you—and because we believe that the decree of the 12th of May will long trouble the peace of your consciences.

“ Gentlemen, the immediate consequences of this decree may be to raise up great dangers to the internal tranquillity and liberty of the country. You thus furnish a pretext for foreign intervention which we should all deplore. By quitting your neutrality, in order to make yourselves the supporters of one exclusive opinion, you most unwisely throw down



the gauntlet of defiance to the opinions which you have sacrificed.

“May God aid Italy, and save her from the danger of the foreigner, which you are drawing down upon her head! As for us, we love our common country more than ourselves. We will not take up the glove; we will not resist for our rights, because resistance would be the commencement of civil war; and civil war, always a crime, would be doubly so now, when the foreigner invades our country. But our fellow-citizens, we feel sure, will appreciate our sacrifice.

“It suffices for us now, gentlemen, to protest solemnly before Italy and Europe, for the sake of our own consciences. The good sense of the nation and the future will do the rest.”

Thus, the republican party, deceived by false promises, long misled by the Jesuitical deportment of the provisional government, then pursued by disgraceful accusations, foolish threats, and perfidious insinuations spread amongst the people, and suddenly betrayed in its dearest hopes, by a decree which, to the free solemn and pacific *discussion* of a constituent assembly *after* the victory, substituted the silent votes by register, the sword of Damocles suspended the while over the heads of the voters,—replied by words of grave and severe sadness to the violaters of the public faith; and declared that, for the sake of that union which it alone had preserved until the 12th of May, by its self-



sacrificing silence, it would not raise the gauntlet thrown down to it. The *Moderates* at Genoa assembled in crowds, on the publication of our protest, and committed it to the flames. We could have said with Cremutio Cordo, "Burn then all the good citizens of Italy on the same pile, for they knew by heart the truths we utter here."

A few days after, we published the programme of the "*Italy of the People*;" and even then our language was that of conciliation. "Ours," said we, "is a mission of peace. Brothers among brothers we recognize and we claim the right of free speech, without which no fraternity is possible. Who would, who could dispute this right? Is not thought sacred in Italy? Does not truth spring from the conflict of opinions? Where is he who alone possesses it infallibly and entirely? Ah! if brothers wished to impose silence on their brothers, if a different conviction as to the means of making our country *one*, free, and great, could ever make us enemies one to another, the presentiment of a future Italy would be falsehood and irony. The problem of our destinies is an educational problem. Let us educate. As soon as liberty of speech dawned upon our country, we renounced all secret association, and the old paths of insurrection, holy in the past. Let us all bow with reverence before the sovereign judgment of the people legally expressed. Let us accept the facts which created by assent of the people, will serve as a bond between the present and the *ideal*, which shines as the star of our soul



before us. But who amongst us would dare to say—*renounce this ideal?* In the name of God, in the name of the inviolability of thought, let our banner, the banner which you yourselves call the banner of the future, float onward, borne by pure hands in the sphere of the ideal, like a good omen hanging over the cradle of a people aspiring to become a nation! We know well that if you choose another route to-day, the time will arrive when you will come to seek this banner planted on our tombs. But you will then raise it, enlightened, thanks to us, upon its potent significance, upon the value of those sacred words, ‘*God and the people,*’ which are blazoned upon it; you will raise it not in a sudden impulse of excited passions, or of reaction against extinguished tyrannies, but as the legacy of our fathers, purified and understood by study, and by the meditations and experience of your brethren. Meantime we may embrace each other on the neutral ground afforded to us all by present circumstances—*Deliverance of the country, independence of the foreigner who threatens it.* Together we will study to find out the most active, the most efficacious means of war against Austria; together we will influence the people for the common weal, and point out to the governments the road which leads to victory; and together we will march with them upon it. Our *first* thought shall be war; our *second*, the unity of our country; the *last*, the form, the institution which will assure its liberty and its mission.”

Such were our words—and yet we were every-



where accused of having hindered the war and dis-united the forces which ought to have rallied to the combat, by substituting a purely political idea to the great question of independence. This false accusation was so industriously propagated and repeated, that even to-day it still circulates in Italy and in foreign countries, spread abroad by deceived or corrupt men. *The Republicans* (it has been said) *ought to have fought, and they did nothing but discuss.* But the history of authentic facts will say, "The Republicans were the first to combat, and the last to discuss." It will say that the Republicans were fighting on the barricades, whilst the *Moderates* were conspiring at Turin—that nearly all those, who pursued the Austrians beyond Milan, or who pressed on from Como, till they reached the Tyrol, were Republicans; that at a later period, whilst the provisional government was taking the first steps towards rendering a *capitulation* possible, the volunteers who seized upon the powder-mills of Peschiera, (on the 11th of April) were Republicans; that most of those who fought for Treviso, and who sustained during eighteen hours, on the 23rd of May, at Vicenza, the shock of 18,000 Austrians, with forty cannons, were Republicans; that the students who all united in a body, demanded, supplicated to be led against the enemy, were Republicans; and that those men were Republicans who, at the end of May, formed the corps called the *Lombard Battalion*, and marched to defend Venice, abandoned and betrayed by the royal war. History will also say, that Guiseppe



Sirtori, the founder of the Democratic Society, who afterwards gained such just military renown in the Venetian war, was a Republican, as well as Maestri, the Member of the Committee of Defence in the last days of the war; and that the Republican Garibaldi, and those who followed him, regardless of treaties and armistices, were the last to abandon the Lombard soil. History will also shew, that every proposition emanating from the republican party, had war, and only war for its end and aim; that all the popular agitation which showed itself, after the 12th of May, in the Piazza San Fedele,\* had no other end in view than to excite to war, and to stir the inertia of the provisional government. Urbino, the promoter of the only demonstration which had a political character, that of the 29th of May, had only just arrived from France; he was unknown to the Republicans, and I myself only saw him once.

\* The seat of the provisional government.



## CHAPTER III.

## CONTINUATION.

THE vote accomplished, the registers were closed on the 29th of May; as though each triumph of the *moderate* party corresponded *with a national misfortune*, it was on this day that the flower of the Tuscan youth fell a sacrifice to a want of warlike science or worse, upon the redoubts of Mortanara and Curtatone.\*

On the 8th of June, the result of the votes was published. On the 13th, two days after the fall of Vicenza, a deputation, having at its head Casati, went to the King's camp bearing the solemn act of *fusion*. The faction triumphed; the end of the war was attained; *all possibility of a Republic vanished for the moment*, and a *precedent*, as the diplomatists

\* The Tuscans and the Neapolitans united, amounted to about 5000, and by prodigies of valour, they made head against 16,000 Austrians, during a whole day. General Bava, informed on the 28th of the enemy's movement, warned General Laugier who commanded our party, promised him assistance, and even kept within a few miles of the field of battle. Then, when a Tuscan officer sent expressly, made known to him the dangerous position of our troops, the King thought it prudent to remain immovable at Volta.—*See General Bava's Memoirs.*



call it, *was acquired for the dynasty of Savoy*. The Royalists, at that time already felt uncertain of victory, and a *Precedent*, a title to be kept in reserve, and to be made use of in future congresses and political re-arrangements, was for them the height of their hopes. Hence arose the precipitate fusion shamefully false to all promises, and ruinous to the cause in Lombardy; and worse still worse, in heroic Venice, where, on the 6th of August, the two Commissaries, Colli and Cibrario arrived to take possession in the name of Charles Albert, when the basis of that odious cession to Austria had already been signed two days. Ah! let us still suffer in exile,—let oppression still endure for you my brethren, rather than that we should see the great Italian cause again profaned by such infamies, rather than that the blood of our brave men should a second time be sacrificed to the traffickings of a dynastic ambition! For as virtue is sanctified by tears, so are nations purified by the sufferings inflicted by tyranny; but they cannot rise to liberty by acts of falsehood, or by the calculations of egotism; they rather become degenerated by the inertia produced by distrust, and condemn themselves to such a slow agony of every great faculty and every generous impulse, as makes the mothers of earth, and the angels of Heaven weep.

And it was indeed a death agony! We who, more unhappy than all the rest, examined without illusion the growing symptoms of decay, and counted the pulsations of the expiring great one,—



we could not exclaim, *The liberty of Italy is perishing*, without being denounced as alarmists, and as the allies of Austria!

The enterprise of the Tyrol was abandoned in April from hatred of the volunteers, and in obedience to diplomatic views. Friuli was lost and open to the enemy; and Venetia too, with Padua, Vicenza, Treviso and Rovigo, which had fallen one after the other, without the King's sending a single soldier to their aid. It was a part of the King's policy not to save Venetia, but to extort from her, in her fear of imminent destruction, and as a last false hope of deliverance, the vote of the 5th of July. Promises given to foreign governments paralysed all operations; and yet that against Trieste might have been crowned with entire success. The Sardinian fleet, bound by inexplicable but reiterated orders, remained inactive. On the 11th of June, in order to support the partisans of the *fusion* at Venice, it had been announced that some Sardinian vessels would attempt an enterprise in concert with the Venetian fleet; but the fusion voted, the order was revoked. The Austrians had had full leisure to reinforce and wisely matured their definitive plans. Shortly after the decree of the 12th of May, the King of Naples had recalled his forces. The declarations of the Pope and of General Durando had rendered the Roman succours almost useless. The act of fusion, by revealing new perils to the Italian governments, from the ambition of the house of Savoy, had destroyed all hopes of co-operation on their part; and



had, by the phantom of a Sardo-Lombardian constituent assembly, excited more than ever the terror, hatred, and secret intrigues of the Turin aristocracy. The sad necessities of the royal war, which I have signalized, had caused a void and an isolation about the camp of Charles Albert.

Thus the forced consequences of the royal diplomacy—a diplomacy as intriguing as that of the house of Savoy has always been—a diplomacy as uncertain and vacillating as the spirit of the King, ended by isolating him in Europe, and depriving him of all hope of succour from his neighbours.

The diplomatic history of this period is very mysterious, and will for some time continue so. Those who directed it are still living, and are nearly all still in power; and it is necessary for them to conceal their documentary acts from the unhappy populations whom they have deceived. It is remarkable that even the English collection cited above, is visibly defective in the most essential parts; but the principal features pierce through the veil, and it is necessary for the completion of this work, to point them out.

The war between the two principles was general in Europe—the enthusiasm excited by the movements in Italy, especially the Lombard insurrection and the prodigies of the five days, was immense; and Italy could, had she willed it and known how, have drawn thence sufficient force to counterbalance all the strength of hostile reaction. But to do this, it was necessary, whatever the mean policy of the



*Moderates* might fear, to give to the movement a character so audaciously national as to alarm our enemies, and to offer the most powerful element of support to our friends. Both felt the time was ripe, and began to believe that Italy would be ; but *Italy*, and not *the Kingdom of the North*. I remember the consoling words Lamartine addressed to me, at his house, on the eve of my departure for Italy, and in presence, amongst others, of Alfred de Vigny, and of the same Forbin Janson whom I was afterwards to meet preaching the papal restoration, and getting up various petty conspiracies and ridiculous intrigues at Rome.

“The hour has struck for you,” said the minister, “and I am so firmly convinced of it, that the first words with which I have charged Monsieur d’Harcourt for the Pope are these ; *Holy Father, you know that you ought to be the President of the Italian Republic.*” But Monsieur d’Harcourt had quite other things to say to the Pope, on the part of that faction which involved Lamartine in its snares whilst he imagined that he could control it. For myself I attached no importance, except as a symptom, to these words of Lamartine, a man of impulse and of noble instincts, but unstable in belief, without energy for a fixed purpose, and without real knowledge of men and things. He was indeed the echo of a tendency all-powerful, in those moments of excitement, upon the French mind ; and every re-awakening nationality, every political programme, which, if not absolutely republican, was like that, at least, of the



Italian constituent, would have compelled the support of the most hesitating government in France.

From great things great things are born. The *dwarfish* conception of the *Moderates* froze up all souls, and imposed an utter change of politics upon France. The ITALIAN PEOPLE was an ally more than sufficiently powerful to preserve the Republic from all danger of a foreign war; a *Kingdom of the North*, in the hands of princes little to be relied upon, and hostile, by long tradition, to the Republicans of France, did but add a dangerous element to the league of kings. The French nation became silent, and left its government free to exist without any foreign policy, and to leave the destinies of the republic to the impenetrable future.

England, although the idea of an *Italy* might cause some feeling of jealousy to her government, was not disposed to oppose a solemn and national manifestation. The English policy, in all times, has been to create obstacles to the accomplishment of any fact, which would introduce a new element in the state of Europe, but to accept that fact as soon as it is solemnly and definitely accomplished. And the two motives which rendered England less averse to the formation of the new state—the planting a barrier against the conquest of France, and the necessity which would result for Austria, to seek a compensation in the Turkish provinces, and thus to become an obstacle to the designs of Russia—these motives acted powerfully in aid of Italian nationality. Austria herself felt her danger, and did not see any possibility of defending herself.



"*If to-morrow,*" Baron Hummelauer wrote to Lord Palmerston, "*if to-morrow the French should cross the Alps and descend into Lombardy, we would not stir a step to meet them; we should remain in our positions of Verona and on the Adige; and if the French should seek us there, we should retreat behind the Alps and towards Isonzo, but we should not accept battle. We shall oppose ourselves neither to the entrance nor to the march of the French in Italy. Those who summoned them will be able to try once again their domination. No one will come to seek us behind the Alps, and we shall remain spectators of the struggles that will be raised up in Italy.*"\*

I pronounce no opinion as to whether French armies should or should not have been called into Italy. I believed then, and I wrote several times in the *Italia del Popolo*—although the same persons who styled us Republicans, the allies of Austria, threw unceasingly in our teeth the accusation of wishing to decide our quarrels by the foreigner,—that we, *Italians*, provided we were united and resolved, had more than the necessary strength for our own emancipation—and I believe it now. But I say that to cut the knot, it was necessary either to profit by foreign aid, or to call to the field all the living strength of the nation; and I add, that if at this time the help of France had been invoked by us, it would have been certain and unfailing. The *Moderates* repulsed the one, and stifled and destroyed the other. This was at once folly and treason.

To us, who felt ourselves at least as Italian as

\* Cor., Part II., page 470.



they, and who wished to raise the country to a crusade, and to free it by our own arms, it appeared, useful and just, that the fraternity of the peoples should receive its consecration on the field of our first battles, and we would gratefully have accepted the help of a numerous body of French volunteers, which would have cemented from the beginning the moral alliance of the two nations, and would have left open the probability of help from the French government.

But what could be hoped for from men, who, through fear of incurring the blame of St. Petersburg, did not blush to condemn Miskiewicz and his Poles, to the inactivity of a barrack in Milan, until in order to prevent their departure for Venice, which by my advice had accepted their aid within her walls, they were at last summoned to the camp?

If Charles Albert and his party did not desire the help of the French, it was neither from national pride, nor from the consciousness of certain victory, but from the same motive which made them reject the Swiss and the volunteers, from fear of the republican idea and banner. A timid address of the provisional government to France at the beginning of the war, not even asking for assistance, was thought to deserve a severe reprimand from the Royalists. The instructions given to the Sardinian agents expressly enjoined, that no opening should be allowed for French intervention.

*"The French army,"* said Pareto haughtily, on the 12th of May, in the Chamber at Turin, *"will not enter unless summoned by us, and as we shall not*



*summon it the army will not enter."* And towards the end of July open resistance was threatened to any attempt at intervention on the part of France. Nevertheless, in order to maintain amicable diplomatic relations with the French government, and to draw forth promises of support to the *Kingdom of the North*, when the right moment should arrive for its acceptance by the European powers, the *Moderates* secretly engaged to cede Savoy to France. Of this I have the certain knowledge. Savoy was erased from the map of the future kingdom which was drawn up at Turin for the secret use of some of the Sardinian agents, and of which a copy is in our hands. Thanks to this bargain, Lamartine forgot his first republican aspirations ; and whilst Bastide, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared to me, and to every one who cared to hear it, that France was inexorably hostile to the ambitious projects of Charles Albert, the French envoy at Turin, Monsieur Bixio, spoke unceasingly in favour of the fusion, and sent his secretary to me at Milan to endeavour to bring about my conversion. France is now paying the penalty of these diplomatic turpitudes, and of her constant forgetfulness of the principle inscribed upon her flag, by the degradation of her name abroad, and by the anarchy which is consuming her at home.

The *Correspondence* makes no mention of the political intrigues which the King's emissaries set on foot with England. But Austria, at first perhaps sincerely, alarmed as she was by her own external and internal condition, but afterwards, with the



manifest intention of gaining time, repeatedly solicited the English cabinet to constitute itself a mediator and pacificator between the insurrection and the empire.

On the 5th of April, Ficquelmont, writing from Vienna to Count Dietrichstein, the Austrian Ambassador in London, announced that an imperial commissary had been sent into Italy charged with negotiating a reconciliation *upon the largest possible basis*,\* and begging Lord Palmerston to support his propositions. I do not know whether the commissary arrived in Italy, nor with whom he conferred, but the *large basis* did not then extend beyond the limits of administrative independence. However, in another dispatch sent off the same day, to Ficquelmont, by the Baron de Brenner, Chargé d'Affaires of Austria at Munich, the first indication of an attempt or desire to re-establish an exchange of courtesies between the two enemies pierces through; and it is the court of Turin which assumes the initiative. This document merits remark. It was a written announcement of the intentions of his Sardinian majesty touching the pacific relations to be observed upon the high seas; but the mode of the communication, its accessories, and the interpretation given to the good offices of Austria, give rise to other suspicions. The Marquis Pallavicini, charged with the communication addressed himself to Severine, the Russian minister at Munich, that he might as an intermediary, convey to Austria the desire of the

\* Cor., Part II., page 325.



court of Turin, and obtain for him an interview with Brenner. The interview took place, not as would have appeared but natural in Severine's dwelling, *because it was necessary not to awaken the attention of the curious idlers of Munich*, but in the house of a certain Voillier, counsellor of the Russian Legation, and it was chosen as the place most fitted for the purpose, because situated in a remote and unobserved part of the town. Pallavicini insisted that the interview should not be delayed an hour. The note was transmitted to Brenner, with the intimation which may be read in the dispatch, "that by means of this communication the Sardinian government hoped to avoid, as much as lay in its power, the *fatal* consequences, which the conflict in which Piedmont *unhappily* found herself engaged with Austria, might have upon the interests of the maritime commerce of the two countries." Perhaps there was additional matter not now to be found in the dispatch. This note, subsequently forwarded to Ficquelmont, and a copy of which was by him sent to Dietrichstein in London, is not to be found amongst the "Correspondence." However, the two conversed upon the affairs of the day, and Brenner observes that the Marquis "did not appear very secure of the final issue of the enterprise into which Charles Albert had allowed himself to be drawn," but believing that in case of a collision between the two armies the advantage would remain with Marshal Radetzky, he appeared to found all his hopes upon the interior difficulties of the empire. "I did not think," writes Brenner



to his chief, "*that I ought to repulse an opening which might, in the intention of the Sardinian government, be equivalent to a first attempt to bring about an agreement with the imperial cabinet.*"

Pallavacini, it appears, was afterwards disavowed by his government, as having exceeded the limits of his mission. In all respects, however, this affair has more the air of a plot than of a frank and loyal communication from one government to another; and this suspicion is increased, if regard be paid at the same time to the unsolicited declaration, made by Ficquelmont to Lord Palmerston, that "*if Austria succeeds in repulsing the Piedmontese on to their own territory . . . we may offer to England the anticipatory assurance, that we shall not pursue our success beyond the provinces which belong to us.*"\* Such an assurance might easily prove fatal to an inert foe, and probably became so.

Dating from this period, requests for her good offices, projects for peace and communications from Austria to the English cabinet, are frequently met with in the correspondence. A preliminary project, drawn up by some one who is not named in the collection (I think it was Colloredo) was discussed on the 11th of May, in the council of ministers at Vienna, and sent on the 12th by Lord Ponsonby to Lord Palmerston. It is the only reasonable project which could have emanated from Vienna. It opens by confessing the omnipotence of the national

\* Ficquelmont to Dietrichstein, the 5th April, communicated to Lord Palmerston, the 13th.—See Cor., Part II., page 321.



idea in Italy.\* It proposes, that, as soon as the mediation of England and the Pope shall have been accepted and an armistice agreed upon, in virtue of which Austria should keep to the line of the Adige, the municipal councils of the Lombard-Venetian state should be convoked, and asked if they would enter into the Italian confederation — of which Austria would constitute herself the promoter, — under her sovereignty, but with an Archduke for Viceroy, a national representation, a constitution, and a special code ; or if they would prefer absolute independence, granted in consideration of a financial and commercial indemnity to Austria. Beginning by acknowledging the great principle of Italian nationality, and at the same time placing herself in the position of the foundress of an *Italian* confederation, on condition that the confederated states should engage to maintain a permanent and absolute European neutrality, and that Europe should be constituted its protectress, as already in the case of Switzerland, — Austria preserved for herself, ac-

\* “ It is certain that the germ of Italian nationality, so long buried, but *resuscitated* by the efforts of “ *Young Italy*,” aided by the writings of Gioberti, Balbo and others, and seconded by the movement of the age, must in any case, have ultimately broken through its bonds, and brought on the events which we have witnessed ; for, the universal cry of “ *Death to the Austrians*” arose not first from Lombardy or Venetia, but from the depths of Sicily, where Austria had never exercised any oppressive influence, and traversed all the Peninsula until it reached the Italian Tyrol, which had appeared sincerely attached to the monarchy.” — See Cor., Part II., page 444 — “ Plan for the pacification of Italy.”



according to the originator of the project, a possibility of success by the vote ; and in any event established her influence over the confederation, detached Italy from the dreaded influence of the French, and condemned her to that weakness inherent to all countries restricted to the rôle of neutrality by superior powers.

This was, in fact, the only means of safety open to Austria—the only means she had of assuming a new position in Europe. The author of the project demonstrated to her so clearly the powerlessness of victory, that his words deserve to be registered here as a precious confession wrung from the mind of a man adverse to our views, after an examination of the facts :—“ Even if we gain the victory,” said he, “ what would be the result for Austria ? The possession of some impoverished provinces, incapable, for many years, of reimbursing the expenses of the military occupation necessary to keep them in subjection ; the weakening of the Austrian monarchy (in all questions relating to France and Russia) by the necessity of keeping an army of 100,000 men in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, in order to guard the provinces of the Tyrol, the Littoral and Carniola, against attacks of external and internal foes ; and thence, politically, financially, militarily, and above all morally, a diminution of real strength, a complication of interests, and a struggle sometimes concealed, sometimes open, but never ceasing against a nation of more than 20,000,000 men, united by the



same language, the same religion, and the same hopes.”\*

This project, just because it was the only reasonable one, did not go farther than discussion; and others less plausible, were submitted successively by Austria, to the English cabinet, on the 12th and the 23rd of May, and the 9th of June;† all based upon the separation of Lombardy from Venetia. First, Lombardy was to be emancipated, with an hereditary Viceroy,—the second brother of the Duke of Modena was proposed,—independent of the government at Vienna, although subjected to the sovereignty of the Emperor; or under the government of a Lieutenant of the Emperor and an Italian minister, residing however in Vienna. Secondly, Venetia was to be endowed with more or less liberal laws, without ceasing to be an Austrian province; the defence of the Tyrol, and the superintendence of the communications between Vienna and Trieste required the subjection of Venice. The emancipation of Lombardy was meanwhile to be purchased from the Empire at the price of an annual tribute of four millions of florins, with the annual payment of about ten millions of florins charged upon the revenue of Venetian-Lombardy, as our portion of the National Debt of

\* Cor., Part II., page 445.

† Lord Ponsonby to Lord Palmerston, Vienna, May 12th.—Cor., Part II., page 453. Baron Hummelauer to Lord Palmerston. London, May 23rd.—Idem, pages 470 and 477. Lord Ponsonby to Lord Palmerston, Innsbruck, June 9th.—Idem, page 589.



the Empire, and with the obligation of fighting with our troops the battles of Austria. Without Venetia, and with the enemy at Verona, and on the line of the Adige, ready at any moment to abet the Kings, Lombardy would soon have discovered that these conditions were but illusory. I do not find however that they were ever seriously proposed, and it is not improbable that so much expansion in the expression of the pacific intentions of Austria to the English minister, had no other end, the first alarm being over, than to lure Piedmont forward, without being compromised by direct communications. On the 13th of June, an armistice was proposed by Wessenberg to Count Casati, with conditions of peace, relating only to Lombardy; but the proposal was only made to gain time for reinforcements to arrive; and on the 18th, a dispatch from Lord Ponsonby informed Lord Palmerston that Radetsky, whose instructions from Wessenberg were not to *conclude*, but to *propose* an armistice, had refused to do so, flattering himself that he could gain more by force of arms.\*

And behold to what is reduced the history of the diplomacy of this period; at least so far, as it is known to us at present. Cunning on the part of Austria, as usual; utterly null on the part of Piedmont, except that here and there indications may be seen of some mystery which time will perhaps unveil. The only incident which soothes the soul, and sparkles like a diamond amidst this mass of corruption and of abject intrigue, is the sudden

\* Cor., Part II., page 618.



and generous transport which moved the Lombard population each time there was a question of the line of the Adige, or of the abandonment of Venice. They sprang up as a sleeping lion feeling the hot iron on his forehead, and thundered forth "*War for all, liberty for all or for none.*" In these moments such was the universal cry uttered with an energy which would have made every government, royal or provisional, recoil, which had dreamed of compromising with the enemy. The national idea awoke in such moments, powerful as in the first days of the insurrection. The French journalists who lately wrote so much concerning some of the dispatches quoted above, and who reproached the Lombards for not having eagerly accepted the offer of *peace on the Adige*, as an anchor of safety, not only proved their profound ignorance of Austrian policy, but the absence of all generous sentiment from their hearts. For the future of our nation, this refusal is alone worth more than ten constitutional kingdoms, founded merely by the good pleasure of Austria between the Adige and the Po.

I do not know if *peace upon the Adige* ever positively entered into the designs of the King, or of those about him; for as there are now two governments at Turin, there were then two in the camp. But I believe most assuredly that this phantom so cunningly put forward by Austria from the beginning, operated as a fascination to his mind, and contributed to the delays, and to the evil result of the war. Whoever looks, even with the most indul-



gent eye at the whole conduct of this unfortunate campaign, whoever reflects for a moment on the abandonment of the Tyrol, and of the passage of the Alps, the sacrifice of Venetia, the resolution of not making war at Trieste, or on the sea, the neglect of every attempt to raise Illyria, and to unite the Italian cause with that of all the other national causes then agitating Europe, the systematic inaction of the army before the surrender of Peschiera, (the solitary triumph of the Royalists) and even afterwards almost to the middle of July, and the chivalric and courteous mode of action pursued on all occasions towards Austria,—will deem it at least probable, that Charles Albert, possibly without being aware of it, sought to reserve for himself in case of defeat, the refuge of a treaty, which, without inflicting upon him the shame of abandoning a country already conquered, might probably procure for him, an aggrandisement of territory in Lombardy. Sad and inevitable consequence of a war of independence confided to a King! Such wars, when men cannot be found to conduct them having the faith of Apostles, at least have need of chiefs who have every thing to gain from victory, and every thing to lose by defeat. Charles Albert could not be successful without availing himself of an element—the popular element—which in the distance menaced his own throne; and failing, he was certain to preserve for himself his crown. There was perhaps but one way of forcing the people to accept *peace on the Adige*, to point the enemy's dagger at their throats, and to conclude peace with



the Austrian at the gate of Milan. But once arrived at the gates of Milan, the Austrian would sneeringly have destroyed any secret compact, before the eyes of its negotiators.

In the meantime, the war was irretrievably lost; and the decree of *fusion* did but hasten the catastrophe. The people began soon after to awake from their sleep of illusions, and to understand the deception. They had been told that the contract once signed, Genoa would give money, and Piedmont soldiers; and yet the government continued more than ever to urge them to sacrifice, assuming for the first time the language of anxiety. Milan had been spoken of as the future capital, and other concessions had been mentioned, which Piedmont, touched by the fraternal act of fusion would accord with enthusiasm to Lombardy, and now instead, they heard odious discussions, full of hostility and of ill disguised distrust, in the Chamber of Turin. They had been promised that as soon as their reward was sure, Charles Albert and his army would perform prodigies; and Charles Albert and his army, after the reduction of Peschiera, remained inert, immovable, until the 13th of July. Then the multitude, like a sick man awakening in the fever fit, began to be agitated, to lend a suspicious ear to the rumours which came from the camp, to the accusations which clear-sighted men had for some time been bringing against the government, to the groans of betrayed Venice, and to the *hurrah* of the Croat who was pushing on his unmolested course even to



Azola and Castel Goffredo. Almost every evening the Square of San Fedele, where the palace of the government was situated, was filled with people demanding news from the camp, and almost every evening Casati replied from the window, the customary phrase, that "they were not to fear, the victory was sure: the approaching surrender of Verona, would regain all the fallen towns of Venetia, and the tri-coloured banner would soon float over the walls of Mantua, thanks to the efforts of the magnanimous King and his brave Piedmontese army." Then they fenced off the growing agitation, by decrees for levies, armaments, loans, and miserable vexatious police-regulations, the last of which had a very injurious effect, and produced much irritation. The decree for a levy was a proper measure but thanks to the bad organization of the ministry of war, tardy and inefficacious in its execution. The levies wanted arms, officers, and uniforms; and the first battalions which hurried to the camp, seemed, from their utter want of all those elements which constitute the soldier in his own eyes, and in those of others, a veritable mass of people sent to the war for nothing else than to prevent the people from rising. In this absence of all military preparation, in these mere linen vests and knapsacks, with which the men destined to encounter the snows of Tonale and of the Stelvio, the people saw at length an irrefragable proof of the culpable inertia of the three last months. They became still more irritated; and then to the hun-



dred other causes which had operated to extinguish enthusiasm, and to annihilate the popular strength of the insurrection, was added universal distrust; and the word *treason*, so fatal to every enterprise, began to circulate amongst the masses. It was proposed to me many times, and that by well organized forces, to overturn the government, and to endeavour to find some means of salvation through other men. The enterprise would have been easy; but to what end? A sudden change of government in Milan would have lighted up a civil war, and without saving the country, would have cast a stain upon the Republican banner in the eyes of the blinded masses belonging to the rest of Italy. The act of *fusion* gave the King the right of sending troops *to protect order and his government*. We should have found ourselves face to face with the bayonets of our brethren. Austria become more vigilant would have profited by the dismemberment of our forces and by our discords. And with the inevitable wavering of the provinces, at the very moment when the government, just constituted, would have had the most need of help, money, credit, arms, and all the means of action would have disappeared.

I refused then—I did more, I prevented it. In our eyes the destinies of the war had long been fixed. We knew that the royal army would be routed, and the country left defenceless; and in the “*Italy of the people*,” articles may be found which did not require the intuition of genius to



point out the course which events subsequently took, and which it had become no longer in human power to prevent.

Nevertheless a last hope flattered and deceived us. It was that Milan once attacked by Austrian arms, the impulse of an excited people might raise again the Lombard war. Milan was and is the city of wonders! Supreme dangers, despair of all assistance from the probable withdrawal of the royal forces beyond their own frontiers, and the thundering of the Austrian cannon at its gates, might again transform into giants the people of the barricades of March. Then, delivered from all hindrance on the part of an incapable government, which with the exception of some few of its members would have been the first to take flight, delivered from all fear of treason, delivered above all from the abhorred reproach of exciting, by our activity, to a civil war, the Republicans, who in the last days had reconquered their influence with the multitude, would have organized and directed a terrible people's combat in the city. For such a combat, arms, munitions, and provisions abounded. The Austrian army had a hostile population at its back, our forces held all Upper Lombardy, heroic Brescia, Bergamo, the Valteline; Venice resisted still, and on the other side of the Po, freed from all princely illusions, Romans were thrilling with enthusiasm. An obstinate resistance at Milan might rekindle the flame. All our thoughts were therefore directed to prepare for it; and this was the



object of those connexions which we established in the provinces between the Lombard corps and ourselves, which were the subject of so much calumny directed against us, and of so much fear on the part of those who obstinately persisted in misunderstanding us. But this plan could only succeed on one condition, that Milan should be left free and alone in her efforts; and even this condition was torn from us. The King who had lost Venetian-Lombardy, gave the fatal promise to defend Milan!

The very same day on which the Piedmontese army, victims of the incapacity, if not worse, of its chiefs, after having performed prodigies of useless valour, under the command of Sonnaz, at Volta, commenced a retreat, which beginning at the Mincio, stopped not until it reached the Ticino, that same *Fava*, half spy, half man of letters, whom we have before had occasion to refer to in a note, proclaimed in the streets of Milan the news of the victory of the magnanimous King, and of thousands of prisoners and captured banners. I, who knew the truth, had to send a friend to the government, which I had not seen since the 12th of May, to supplicate them not to provoke the people to the ferocity of reaction, by deceiving them to the last; but they were really deceived themselves for the most part, by the Sardinian embassy. The fatal news became known however in the course of the day; and then the government alarmed, and for the first time conscious of its own impotence, suddenly



remembered that there were men in Milan who loved their country, although they were Republicans, and were suspected two months before of being the *allies of Austria*.

The concentration of power for the defence was a universally recognised necessity. Summoned to name the citizens to whose hands this power should be confided, we pointed out Maestri, Restelli and Fanti. The first was a Republican of old; the second had not been one until then, and was known to us as having laboured mistakenly but in good faith for the fusion in Venice; the third was more of a soldier than a political character. The defence of the city alone, and not the triumph of our own party directed our choice. They were honest, well-meaning, and capable men. As soon as the opposition made by the government to Fanti, whom General Zucchi refused to obey, as being of less ancient grade than himself, had been overcome, the three constituted themselves, on the 28th of July, into a *Committee of Defence*. The government remained null and inactive shut up in its palace.

In spite of the errors almost inevitable in the anomalous situation which the fusion had created—and the first was that of not being alone in their undertaking, but of having ministers and generals of the King mixed up in their discussions—the committee acted with surprising activity, and did much more in three days than the government had done in three months. All its measures are detailed in the book of Cattaneo, and in a well-known work



published by Maestri and Restelli;\* nor is it within my province to recal them in this short recital.

The people awakened again to a sublime life; they ran threateningly through the streets, requiring that the tri-coloured flag should reappear in token of defiance to the coming enemy; they prepared arms for the defence; they scented *their own battle*, and saluted it with joy. In these days Milan was the most eloquent reply which could be made to the senseless accusations of our enemies, the most irresistible condemnation of the royal war and of the system of the *Moderate* party.

As for us, our hearts palpitated with unaccustomed joy and with new-born hopes. With the re-awakening people revived all that power of love—all that oblivion of the unhappy past, which had sanctified the first days of the revolution.

Blind we were, and youthfully expectant after twenty years of delusions and of exile! The Italians had sinned against Eternal Truth, and against national unity; and we had forgotten that every fault carries with it an inevitable expiation.

On the night of the 3rd of August, Fanti and Restelli went to Lodi to ask Charles Albert what his intentions were. They did not see him, but they had from General Bava the declaration "that the King would march to the defence of Milan." I met Fanti on his return, and I foresaw ruin. He must remember now that I conjured him to prepare

\* "The last deplorable events at Milan," by Maestri and Restelli.



plans of defence, "*as if the Piedmontese army were coming only to go away again,*" but he, above all a soldier in ideas, as ulterior facts have but too well proved, fascinated by the expectation of the 40,000 soldiers who were to arrive, smiled at my scepticism.

On the 3rd, appeared General Olivieri, furnished with a royal decree, which named him Military Commissary, with the Marquis Montezemolo, and the Marquis Strigelli. They came, and in virtue of the fusion, assumed to themselves all executive power. I saw the three, I heard their words to the multitude assembled under the windows of the palace; I saw Fanti again, I ran through the streets of Milan, I studied men's faces and words; and I despaired. The people believed themselves saved, they were then irrevocably lost. I left the city,—God alone knows with what grief; and I joined Garibaldi's column at Bergamo.

The next day Charles Albert entered Milan. How he brought with him the capitulation, and yet promised to defend the city, and ordered all buildings which could serve the enemy to be burnt;—how, after having on the 4th taken the oath for himself, his sons, and his soldiers, before a deputation of the National Guard, yet on the 5th, while the people were thrilling with eagerness for the battle, he and his declared that the capitulation of Milan was *an accomplished fact*;—how, at this news, a transport of fury seized upon the population, and menaces were addressed to the King; what scenes



occurred at the Greppi Palace, where new verbal and written promises were made by Charles Albert, that he, moved by the people's unanimous wish, would fight to the death,—with his secret and cowardly flight immediately ensuing; all these facts, with details which will render the monarchy for ever infamous,—may be found recounted in the narrative of the Committee of Defence, and in that terrible chapter of Cattaneo, entitled “La Conseгна.” Little imports it to decide whether the King were traitor or not, and at what time either he or others had subscribed to the act of treason; little imports it to know on the brow of which individual history will stamp the mark of infamy. Other thoughts arise from these sad memoirs. Whoever cannot see in these pages of the mortal suffering of a people which had been great, which was great, and which will be great, the *absolute impotence of monarchy*, the death of all dynastic, aristocratic, and *Moderate* illusions, has neither intelligence nor heart, nor true love for Italy, nor hope in the future.

At Monza, in view of this immense spectacle of a monarchy in flight and of a people abandoned, in the midst of the brave men of the legion of Garibaldi who followed Giacomo Medici, a banner, the modest banner of a company, was raised for a few hours, inscribed with these words, “*God and the people;*” and chosen by the affection of these young men—it was I who bore it. It was the banner of a new life rising



from the ruins of the past, and six months later it shone with a new lustre on the summit of the Capitol,\* the symbol of our Italian future.

\* TRANSLATOR'S NOTE:

We subjoin here the short recital which M. Medici has himself written of the affair of Monza. The name of M. Medici is one of the most brilliant and pure which has arisen out of Italy, during the trials of these two last years. At the end of this work a resumé of an article upon his character will be found, which appeared in the *Italy of the People*, written by *Saffi*, the Triumvir of the Roman Republic.

“ After the engagement of Custoza, at the end of which Charles Albert fell back upon Milan, General Garibaldi, then at Bergamo, with a small body of republican Lombard volunteers, about 4000 altogether, believing that the King of Piedmont, who was still at the head of an army of 40,000 men, would have defended to the utmost, as he had promised, the capital of Lombardy, conceived the bold project of pushing forward and marching towards Milan. His object was to harass the left flank of the Austrian army in its pursuit of the Piedmontese army, and thus to come in aid of the future operations which the king's resistance in Milan might bring about.

In fact, on the morning of the 3rd of August, 1848, Garibaldi, with his division, was just about to quit Bergamo, in order, by forced marches, to reach Monza, when we saw appear amongst us, carabine on shoulder, Mazzini, asking to join our ranks as a simple soldier of the legion I commanded, which was to form the vanguard of the division of Garibaldi. A general acclamation saluted the great Italian, and the legion unanimously confided its banner, which bore the device, “ *God and the People*,” to his charge.

As soon as Mazzini's arrival was known at Bergamo, the population ran to see him. They pressed around him, they begged him to speak. All those who heard him must remember his dis-



Milan having fallen, all Lombardy fell. The prejudice that in the fate of the capital the destinies of a whole country are concentrated, was still rooted in the public mind; the result of the traditional customs of a monarchy, and the theories of a royal war. The capital is wherever the banner of the nation, held aloft by citizens devoted to a free life or to a glorious death is the most energetically defended. But this truth was not then felt; and on the other hand, the provinces were demoralized by the dissensions which the act of fusion had occa-

course. He recommended raising barricades to defend the town in case of attack, whilst we should march upon Milan; and he conjured them, whatever might arrive, to love Italy always, and never to despair of her redemption. His words were received with enthusiasm, and the column left amid marks of the deepest sympathy.

"The march was very fatiguing—rain fell in torrents, we were drenched to the skin. Although accustomed to a life of study, and little adapted to the violent exercise of forced marches, his constancy and serenity never forsook him for an instant, and notwithstanding our counsels, for we feared for his physical strength, he would never stop, nor leave the column. It happened even that seeing one of our youngest volunteers clothed merely in linen, and who consequently had no protection against the rain and the sudden cold, he forced him to accept and wear his own cloak.

"Arrived at Monza, we learned the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan, and heard that a numerous body of Austrian cavalry had been sent against us, and was already at the other side, at the gates of Monza.

"Garibaldi, very inferior in forces, not wishing to expose his small body to a complete and useless destruction, gave orders to fall back upon Como; and placed me with my column as rear-guard, in order to cover the retreat.



sioned, whilst the men who might have perpetuated the war in the mountainous parts of Lombardy, looking upon Venice as the capital of Venetian-Lombardy, Durando, Griffini, and others, were generals of the King, and bound to the ignominious pact of capitulation ; and the strong places having been delivered up to the enemy, they so contrived as to prevent all possibility of resistance, and to drive the volunteers of March back into Piedmont

“ For youthful volunteers, whose greatest wish was to fight, the order to retreat was a signal of discouragement, and in the first moments was accompanied with some disorder. Happily, this did not occur in my rear-guard. From Monza to Como, my column, always pursued by the enemy, menaced with destruction at every moment by a very superior force, never wavered, remained compact and united, showing itself always ready to repulse all attack, and kept the enemy in check to the last.

“ In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity and decision which Mazzini possesses in such a high degree, never failed, and were the admiration of the bravest among us. His presence, his words, the example of his courage animated our young soldiers, who were besides proud of partaking such dangers with him ; and all decided, Mazzini amongst the first, in case of an engagement, to perish to the last man for the defence of a faith of which he had been the apostle, and for which he was ready to become the martyr. This resolute determination contributed much to maintain the order and the firm attitude which saved the rest of the division.

“ These few details are too honourable to the character of Mazzini to remain unknown. For us who were the witnesses of them, his conduct has been a proof that to the greatest qualities of the civilian, Mazzini joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier.

“ GIACOMO MEDICI.”



by routes indicated by an Austrian pen. Garibaldi alone kept the field as long as it was, humanly speaking, possible ; then he yielded to overpowering force the last of all, and without compromise.

The miserable history of the Sardo-Lombardian *Moderates* does not finish with the surrender. Like the snake cut into two parts, they continued to move although powerless and without hope of life. The tail, the provisional government transformed into the Lombard Consulta, turned towards the Lombard-Venetian state ;—the head—the cabinet of Turin and the men of the *royal* confederation—directing itself against the centre of Italy, where the national thought, chased from the north, had taken refuge and was regaining strength. Not being able to render themselves useful, they set to work resolutely to injure : not being able *to do* they endeavoured *to undo*. They laboured, and they always labour to dissolve. But it does not enter into my place to follow their crooked movements here. The fatal influence which several amongst them, reconciled and repentant in appearance, tried to exercise at Venice—the intrigues which, by deceiving several of our party, contributed much to the unfortunate issue of the attempt, which, commencing in the Val d'Intelvi, was to have re-lighted the flame of insurrection in Upper Lombardy—the lying hopes which introduced an element of dissolution into the heart of the Lombard emigration—the projects of invasion of Tuscany—the opposition, only too successful, to the unity of central Italy,—



and last, the infamous defeat of Novara—might form, and will perhaps form some day, an additional page to this sketch—as the documents which are being prepared for the press in Italian Switzerland will be the commentary to most of the facts which are only glanced at here. For the present this is enough; and the soul, weary of struggling amidst all this corruption, has need to repose itself by rising to the contemplation of the future.

Even now those who remain of the *Moderates*, broken into as many fractions as there are petty personal ideas and petty local ambitions, are working in darkness, some to seduce, if possible, unhappy Lombardy to new illusions—to new *monarchical Piedmontese* intrigues; some to raise up in Tuscany useless conspiracies in favour of the men who combated in Piedmont the liberal tendencies of the populations,—whilst others are trying to profit by the general hatred of sacerdotal government, to propose—a true profanation of the grand idea of unity sprung from Rome—a dismemberment of the Roman provinces, and, serving perhaps unknowingly the views of Austria, a *fusion* with the states of the Duke of Modena! But to unveil such intrigues is sufficient for their failure—and if the Italians after the royal war of 1848, after the defeat of Novara, and after the proved incapacity, (not to say worse) of the chiefs of the faction on the one hand, and after the prodigies of valour and of popular constancy accomplished at Rome and Venice on the other, should hesitate still in their choice between the



two banners, they would truly be unworthy of liberty.

No ; the lessons written during the two last years with the tears of mothers and the blood of our brave men, cannot be lost. The trial is complete. The men of false or perverted minds who have wished to apply to new-born Italy a doctrine which has been tried during twenty or thirty years and found inefficacious, even in France, may yet for a short time create ministerial *modifications*, weave intrigues, deceive and seduce some few timid or inexperienced men ; but never again, under whatever names they may disguise themselves, will they succeed in gaining the direction of the Italian movement. From the first day when they usurped the direction of the movement, the right was wanting to them, which, springing from the possession of deep-rooted convictions, gives confidence to others. They declared themselves men of *opportunity*, of compromise,—of lies which they termed useful. Now they cannot even bring to the aid of their system those pretexts, which, some years ago, the situation of Europe might have afforded to them. The state of Europe has been palpably, indisputably transformed within the last two years. Before, the question was between despotism and limited monarchy ; now, it is trembling between republicanism and royalty. From whatever quarter it may come, the first revolutionary cry will now be republican. If the Italian revolution desires to strengthen itself by an alliance with the general European



movement, it must be republican. The *Moderate Utopias* will never give a friend nor take away an enemy from the Italian cause.

In Italy, after the fall of Pius IX., after the fall of Charles Albert, after *the word* gone forth from Rome, there no longer exists, there can no longer exist, I rejoice in reiterating it, any party but one—the “NATIONAL PARTY.”

And the political faith of this *National Party* is contained in the few following principles:—

Italy wills to be a NATION, both for her own sake and the sake of others; by right and from duty; by right of collective life, of collective education; from duty towards universal humanity, in which she has a mission to fulfil, a truth to promulgate, an idea to diffuse.

Italy wills to be one *Nation*: one not in Napoleonic unity, in exaggerated administrative centralization, which annihilates the liberty of the members for the benefit of the capital and of a government; but in the unity of a constitution, and of an assembly the interpreter of that constitution; in the unity of international relations, of armies, of codes and education,—all harmonized with the existence of local divisions indicated by the history of the country, and with the life of large and powerful communities participating as much as possible in the supreme power by election, and endowed with all necessary powers to fulfil the aims of their association, the absence of which renders them now



powerless and necessarily subservient to the central government.

The *autonomy* of the actually existing states is an historic error. They have not risen by their own peculiar and spontaneous vitality, but by the arbitration of a foreign or domestic domination. Confederation between states thus constituted would stifle all the power of the Italian mission in Europe, would educate men's minds to fatal rivalships, would stimulate ambition, and between the inevitable influences of different foreign governments, would destroy, sooner or later, all liberty and concord.

Italy wills to be a nation of free and equal men ; a nation of brothers associated in the work of common progress. For her, thought, labour, property, which is created by labour, are sacred things ; and sacred to her is also the right, proportioned to duties accomplished, of the full and free development of men's faculties and powers, of their minds and of their hearts.

The Italian problem, like that of humanity, is a problem of moral education. Italy wishes all her children to become progressively better. She venerates virtue and genius, not riches and brute force. She wishes for instructors, not masters ; for the worship of Truth, not of Falsehood or of Chance. She *believes* in God and the people ; not in the Pope and in Kings. And in order that the People may exist, it is necessary that they conquer, by action and self-sacrifice, the consciousness of their rights and duties.



Independence, which is the destruction of the interior and exterior obstacles which oppose themselves to the constitution of a national existence, ought to be obtained, not only for the people, but by the people. The battle by all, victory for all.

Insurrection is the battle fought to accomplish the revolution, that is to say, existence as a nation. The insurrection ought therefore to be *national*; it ought to rise up everywhere with the same banner, the same faith, the same aim. Wherever it may arise, it ought to do so in the name of all Italy, and never to stop until the emancipation of all Italy be accomplished.

Insurrection finishes where revolution begins. The first is war, the second a pacific manifestation. Insurrection and revolution ought therefore to be governed by different rules and laws.

In the first period all is provisional; but, the country once freed from the Alps to the sea, the *National Constituyente*, assembled at *Rome*, the capital and sacred city of the nation, will proclaim the people's thought to Italy and to Europe. And God will bless his work.

All those who accept these bases belong to the NATIONAL PARTY. Out of this line, there is, there can be only *factions*; they agitate without any real life; they may spoil and corrupt, they cannot create.

Create! Create a people! It is time, oh youth! that you should comprehend how great, how religious and holy is the mission which God confides to



you. It can never be accomplished by crooked ways, by court intrigues, by lies, or by doctrines arranged to suit the wants of the moment; nor by compacts intended to be broken at any favourable opportunity; but only by long struggles, by the living example of austere virtue given to the multitude, by the sweat of the soul, by the sacrifice of your blood, by the unceasing predication of truth, by the boldness of faith, and by solemn, never-failing and unchangeable enthusiasm, stronger than every misfortune which can afflict the heart of men, whose only master is God, whose only instrument the people, whose only way the right line, whose only aim the future of Italy. Be such, and fear no obstacles. But chase the traffickers and place-hunters from the Temple. Repulse without pity the petty Machiavellis of the anti-chamber, the diplomatists in expectation, who insinuate themselves into your ranks, in order to whisper in your ears their projects of friendly courts, and of emancipating princes. What can they give you henceforth, except ridiculous illusions, calculated merely to disturb the unity of the national party, and to generate corruption? It is but two years since they held in their hands all the strength and spirit of the nation, a King in whom the millions hailed the conqueror of independence, a Pope whom the millions venerated as the initiator of liberty—and they have given you the armistice of Salasco, and the defeat of Novara: ruin and shame! To-day, puppets in the hands of other courtiers and other diplomatists, more sagacious than they from a



longer course of deceit and baseness, they can no more even evoke these phantoms, and are reduced to waver between a Duke of Modena, and the effeminate Prince who signed the peace with Austria. And such a conflict is approaching between the two principles in Europe, that petty princes and conspirators, and petty projects of fusion, will be swept away as the flowers of the field before the hurricane.

*The royal war* has given a grave lesson to the Lombards, and imposed a severe obligation upon Piedmont.

The Lombards know now that the secret of emancipation for them is *a problem of direction*. Had they not, through blind veneration for an appearance of strength, put traitors in their own camp—had they confided more in Italy than in the *King* of Piedmont; had they, instead of confiding the direction of the war to a coterie of courtiers, conferred it on such men as those who guided the insurrection—they would have triumphed. Sooner or later the days of March may, and must be renewed. Let them then remember the lesson.

The Piedmontese have the obligation of proving to Italy, and to Europe, that they are Italian, and not the mere slaves of a royal family, that they marched to combat, in the plains of Lombardy, not as the blind instruments of the ambitious will of a man, or of a few intriguers, but as the armed apostles of the noblest cause with which God can inspire the human breast—the creation of a people, the liberty of one's country. They have the obliga-



tion of proving, that they were neither cowards nor traitors, but were themselves deceived and vanquished by the faults of others. They have the obligation of destroying the treaty which convicts them of impotence, of restoring to their army its ancient renown, unjustly lost, of washing out the stain of defeat, and of saying to their still doubting brethren, *We are the swords of Italy*. Let their banner be that of twenty-six millions of freemen; let their rallying cry be that of ROME AND MILAN, UNITY AND INDEPENDENCE; let their army be the first legion of the National Army. Very different will be this glory from that of being a fragment of royalty with no firm basis, with no future destiny—unceasingly trembling in the balance, through its false or perverse governors, between the menaces of Austria and the yoke of the Jesuits!

Let Lombardy and Piedmont pay their debt; Rome and Italy will not be wanting.



*Summary of an article by M. SAFFI on M. MEDICI, published in the "Italia del Popolo," and entitled THE VASCELLO.*

Jacopo Medici of Milan first bore arms in Spain, where his blood was shed for the cause of liberty. Then the renown of Italian valour at Monte Video attracted him over the ocean: there he fought at Garibaldi's side, until the day when the news of the movement in Italy made him hasten to Lombardy, in order to devote himself to the holy cause of his country.

After Charles Albert's shameful capitulation and the armistice of Salasco, he was amongst the small number of the brave republicans who prolonged for a month under Garibaldi, in Comasco and the Val d'Intelvi, an unequal struggle against the Austrian army; a struggle signalized by the combat of Luino, where a strong column of Austrians was entirely destroyed; and by those of Morosone and Roderò, on the frontier of the canton of Tessin, where M. Medici, at the head of 150 men, supported during four hours the shock of 5000 Austrians, and succeeded in saving his small legion. Other causes rendered those combats sterile, but they were not the less glorious for the banner bearing the inscription "God and the People."

At Rome, General Garibaldi confided to him the defence of the line of the *Vascello*, a palace situated



between the Villa Pamphili and Rome, the most important point for the operations of the siege.

By what prodigies of valour, constancy and skilful manœuvring, under the constant fire of the artillery, which crumbled the walls of the *Vascello* over their heads without being able to dislodge them; fighting hand to hand with the French troops, and supplying, by their noble audacity, the void left each day in their ranks by the death of their brave companions, M. Medici and his legion were able to defend the post committed to their courage throughout the whole siege;—all this forms the subject of an admirable article recently inserted by one of the triumvirs, M. A. Saffi, in the “*Italia del Popolo*.” It forms a page of the “*History of the Roman Republic*,” to which he consecrates the mournful leisure of exile, and of which these few lines are the summary.

Three hundred of these brave men fell dead on the field of honour, a still greater number were wounded; M. Medici received two wounds, which did not prevent his remaining firm at his post.

The French soldiers themselves were struck with admiration, and after their entry into Rome they vied in testifying a kind of military veneration for these brave legionaries, and especially for their young and illustrious commander.

The still ensanguined ruins of the *Vascello*, where no stone still rests upon another, form the wonder of the curious, and attest the heroic valour of its noble defenders.



We cannot resist transcribing here the portrait of M. Medici traced by M. Saffi :—

“Any one who, after having heard the deeds of this young hero spoken of, should meet him, would not be able to prevent a sentiment of admiration mingled with one of love. His beautiful countenance, ennobled by the dignity of his manners, bears the impress of the rare modesty which is visible in his discourse. Above all presumption, feeling no vanity from his valour, he never speaks of himself, nor of what he has done for his country. His belief in the progress of humanity makes of this love a second religion. His affection for his family is like that of a young girl who has never quitted home.

“It is this union of the most delicate sentiments of the heart, with the firmness and energy of a character always inspired by patriotism, and never by the calculations of personal ambition, which render Jacopo Medici a type, which we hold up to our youthful brethren for the day of our redemption.”



TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF  
COSENZA.

*25th July, 1844.*

THE subjoined address was delivered by Signor Mazzini, at Milan, on the 25th of July, 1848, at the request of the "National Association," on the occasion of a solemn commemoration of the anniversary of the death of the brothers Bandiera:—

When I was commissioned by you young men, to proffer, in this temple, a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honoured by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save those of war."

But another thought arose, and suggested to me, "Why have we not conquered? Why is it that whilst they fight for independence in the North of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion, has dragged itself along for four months, with the slow uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How



has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life, been converted into the weary helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that Liberty and Independence are one, that God and the People, Country and Humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation, that Italy can only exist, one and holy, in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal Truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe—we should not now have war but victory, Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honouring them with a monument; and we here gathered together might gladly invoke those sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and might say to those precursor souls, *Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren*, and they are worthy of you.

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The sublime programme which



they dying bequeathed to the rising Italian generation, is yours, but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge amongst us. I look around, and I see the struggles of desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and of unworthy repose, of shouts for freedom and of formulæ of servitude, throughout all parts of our peninsula; but the heart of the country, where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement—where is the Word which should dominate the hundred divers and opposing counsels, which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear words usurping the national omnipotence—“*the Italy of the North—the League of the States—federative compacts between princes;*” but ITALY, where is it? Where is the common country, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice initiator of a new era of European civilization? Intoxicated with our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffer; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my brethren, is by decree of Providence that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith, great principles are the guiding stars of Europe towards the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs,



and ask from the inspiration of those who died for us all, the secret of victory in the adoration of a principle of a faith. The Angel of Martyrdom and the Angel of Victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, the other looks down to earth, and it is only, when from epoch to epoch, their eyes meet between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises, evangelist or prophet, from the cradle or the tomb.

I will now, young men, sum up to you, in a few words, the faith of our martyrs: their external life is known to you all, it is now matter of history, I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was and is our own, was based upon a few simple incontrovertible truths, which few indeed venture to declare false, but which are nevertheless forgotten or betrayed by most.

God and the people. God at the summit of the social edifice; the people, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the Father and educator; the people, the progressive interpreter of his law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realisation of that belief, and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle, politics the application.

There is but one sun in Heaven for all the earth. There is but one law for those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being, and the law



of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties—faculties and liberty are *the means* and not *the end*,—not to work out our own happiness upon earth ; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us ; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine Law, to practice it as far as our individual faculties and circumstances allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and the love of it among our brethren. We are here below to endeavour fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it may represent *a single sheepfold, with a single shepherd* ; the Spirit of God, the law. To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition, the voice of anterior humanity, and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord is truth, wheresoever they are opposed is error. To attain a harmony and consistency between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. Family, city, country, and humanity are but different spheres, in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice towards this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time he raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of his truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles, indicated in their letters, in their proclamations, and in their conversation, with a profound consciousness of the mission entrusted



by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs, the guide and comfort of a weary life ; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm, and in the certainty of their immortal hopes in the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense love which informed their faith. And, could they now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer to you.

Love ! Love is the flight of the soul towards God, towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows, the dead who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us, the love of souls that aspire together ; and do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature here to reach, do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love, is to promise, and to receive a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower which springs up on the path of duty, but which cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving.



Ever act — even at the price of increasing her earthly trials—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you, or for you. The time will come when from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past, and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart blushing whispered the first word of love; it is the house that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful, as foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood, or of servitude, unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active splendid faculties, with a tradition of glory, the envy of the nations of Europe; an immense future is before you, your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond



which shall join you together, let not a look be raised to that heaven, which is not that of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan, and the Papal, meet each other like the double jewels of a diadem; and you must draw from thence a third world, greater than the other two. From Rome, the Holy City, the City of Love, (Amor) the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote, and strengthened by the inspiration of a whole people, shall give forth the pact that shall unite us in one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then, you have no country, or you have it contaminated.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. God has given you, your country as cradle, humanity as mother, and you can only love your brethren of the cradle in loving your common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea are other peoples, now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty: other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal—improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy, and link again earth to heaven, and which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them, they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm can suffice to conquer; but say to them, that the hour will



shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and reverence above everything the Ideal. The Ideal is the word of God, superior to every country, superior to humanity ; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal soul ; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for them ! and not from impatience of suffering, or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity are arms common to the peoples and their oppressors ; and, even should you conquer with them to-day, you will fall again to-morrow ; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose to them. Adore enthusiasm. Worship the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience ; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts, and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.



Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you. And here, where perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us ; I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure, amid the storms that yet threaten you, but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy.



A LETTER TO MESSRS. DE TOCQUEVILLE AND DE  
FALLOUX, MINISTERS OF FRANCE.

GENTLEMEN,—If in your speeches in the Assembly, on the 6th and 7th of August, you had restricted yourselves to calumniating *me*, I should have been silent. Throughout my life I have never felt anything but indifference to calumny, and contempt for the calumniators. But you have calumniated an entire revolution, holy in its right, and pure from all excess in its career; a whole people, good, brave, and remarkable for the attachment to order, and for the capability of discipline, which it has inherited from its ancestors. You have, to serve your own ends—you men of study and calm philosophy—repeated at the tribune the same commonplaces of “anarchy,” “foreign faction,” and “terror,” with which the journalists, hired to prepare the way for an iniquitous expedition, systematically fed the public mind for the space of two months. You have deliberately, with the smile of irony on your lips, cast the slanders of reaction upon those who have died for their awakening country. It is necessary for the honour of humanity that some one should protest. It is necessary, not for you, not for a parliamentary majority, from which, under the influence of egotism and brute force, all moral sense has departed, but for those amongst you who suffer, as we suffer, for their lost liberty, and for



the future of France, that the voice of one honest man should be heard, and should say to you, "Gentlemen, your eloquence is artifice, your faith hypocrisy; throughout the whole series of your declarations you have done nothing but lie to France and to Europe. If there is anything viler than the executioner, it is he who insults the corpse, who deals a blow, like that of her valet upon the pale cheek of Charlotte Corday." I come forward, therefore, to protest in the name of Rome. I know men, who, for the honour of France, ought now to do what I am doing: they are the *employés* of your chancellerie at Rome,\* who I have seen blush at the conduct of their government, and who thanked me for the protection afforded them, and for the admirable conduct of the Roman people; but they fear dismissal from their posts. I know others—these belong to us—who from Rome itself, in the face of sacerdotal vengeance, would now willingly protest against your calumnies; but your foreseeing administration has deprived them of the only means of so doing, by suppressing every journal in Rome except your own.†

ROME was without a sovereign. The Pope had deserted and fled to Gaeta. A governmental commission, which he had instituted, had refused to act. Two deputations, sent one after the other, entreating Pius IX. to return, were repulsed.

\* Messrs. Degerando, Lerue, Astier, &c.

† Le Giornale di Roma.



It was necessary to put an end to a state of things which was inevitably leading to anarchy and civil war. At one o'clock, on the morning of the 9th of February, the downfall of the temporal power, and, as a consequence, the inauguration of the Republic, were proclaimed. By whom? By the Constituent Assembly of the Roman States. In what manner had that Assembly been elected? By universal suffrage. Had there been—I speak not of terror—but even any agitation, any influence illegally exercised? No, all had taken place calmly, quietly, without corruption, without threats. Was the minority imposing? Out of *one hundred and forty-four* members present, *eleven* voices declared against the proclamation of the Republic, as inopportune; *five* against the abolition of the temporal power. How many among those whom you now stigmatise as *foreigners*, how many Italians born out of the Roman States were then seated upon the benches of the Assembly? *Two*—Garibaldi and General Ferari. I deceive myself—Garibaldi had already set out for Rieti. It was not until some time later that Saliceti, Cernuschi, Cannonieri, Dall' Ongaro, and myself were elected. In what manner was the double proclamation received by the populations? Was there through all the extent of the Roman territory a single attempt at resistance, a single mark of dissent, a single protestation in favour of the fallen power? No, not one. A few carabinieri on the frontiers of Naples deserted, perhaps imagining themselves compro-



mised by the arrests they had been obliged to make under Gregory. And this was all. The towns and the country saluted the Republic with a common joy. The old municipalities, elected under the papal regime, sent in their adhesion, since renewed by those elected by universal suffrage on the 11th of March. Pius IX. had still some personal friends; the Papal Government could not boast of one. And later on, after the 30th, when the government, on the eve of the quadruple invasion, was obliged to concentrate its forces, and could therefore retain only a moral influence in the provinces—in the midst of the financial crisis, and in spite of the efforts of some few reactionaries, this, the conservative element of the state, renewed again the testimony of a spontaneous adhesion to the Republic. Bologna, Ancona, Perugia, Civita Vecchia, Ferrara, Ascoli, Cesena, Fano, Faenza, Forli, Foligno, Macerata, Narni, Pesaro, Orvieto, Ravenna, Rieti, Viterbo, Spoleto, Urbino, Terni; two hundred and sixty-three municipalities sent addresses, declaring, in the name of the populations, that the abolition of the temporal power and the existence of the Republic formed henceforth a double condition of life for the Roman States.

The Constituent Assembly, consisting of 150 members, the *élite* of the country, by the instincts of the heart, if not by the force of intelligence, and of whom seven only did not belong to the Roman States, kept their seats, without interruption, until the moment when brute force, violating the duties



and promises of France, dissolved them. That Assembly had dictated or sanctioned everything that had been done from the 9th of February until the 2nd of July.

And by whom did it govern? First, by an Executive Committee: two Romans, Armellini and Montecchi; one Neapolitan, Saliceti; afterwards, by the Triumvirate—the same proportion. But below the supreme executive, all that served to vivify and practically to carry out the common thought, all that represented or that affected the country in administration, in the distribution of offices, in the every-day affairs of state, was purely Roman. The president of the council under the Executive Committee, Muzzarelli; the minister of grace and justice, Lazzarini; of foreign affairs, Rusconi; those of the interior, Saffi and Mayer; of finance, Guicioli and Manzoni; of public works, Sterbini and Montecchi; of war, Campello and Calandrelli—all belonged to the Roman States. The police (*sicurezza pubblica*) was successively directed by Mariani, Meucci, Meloni, and Galvagni, all Roman subjects. The ministry of public instruction was intrusted to a Roman, Sturbinetti; other Romans were charged with the direction of the public debt, and of the statistical department, and with the presidency of the High Court of Justice, the direction of the hospitals, the mint, &c. A commission of seven, all Romans, Sturbinetti, Piacentini, Salvati, Meucci, Allocatelli, Spada, Castellani, was named to examine all applications



for employment. Not a single president, not a single *employé* or government officer in the provinces, who was not born a subject of the Roman States. Amongst all the superior officers successively appointed from the first to the last day of the Republic, I find but two men who were not born Romans—Avezzana, minister of war, and Brambilla, a member of the financial committee,—the latter of whom, however, had two fellow-officers who were Romans, Valentini and Constabili.

And the army: The small army concentrated in Rome at the time of the siege was composed of the 1st of the line, Colonel de Pasqualis; 2nd ditto, Colonel Gaucci Mollara; 3rd ditto, Colonel Marchetti:—all these Romans, soldiers and officers. Two light regiments: The first commanded by Masi—the very man whom M. de Corcelles, in his dispatch of the 12th of June, puts down as a foreigner—entirely Romans; the second, commanded by Pasi, the same. The Roman Legion, commanded by Galletti; the Riflemen, commanded by Mellara—since dead of his wounds—all Romans. The small body of the *Reduci*, Romans. The Battalion Bignami, Romans. The regiment called The Union, Romans. The body of Carabiniers, General Galletti, Romans. The Dragoons, Romans. The body of Engineers, Romans; the Artillery, Romans. All these, all the chiefs I have already named—the Colonels Piana, Amedei, Berti-Pichat, the General-in-Chief Roselli, the Chief Intendants, first Gaggiotti, and afterwards Salvati, the principal *employés*



at the Ministry of War—all Romans, represented the indigenous element.

Where, then, were the foreigners? Garibaldi and his legion, 800 men; Arcioni and his legion, 300 men; Manara, dead for liberty, and his Lombard Riflemen, 500 men; 200 Poles; the foreign legion, 100 men; the handful of brave men who defended the *Vascello* under Medici. Altogether, 2000 men; but not really so many, because Arcioni's legion contained, at least, one-third of Romagnoli, because the little knot of cavalry which formed part of Garibaldi's legion, and which was commanded by Masina of Bologna—dead on the field—were almost all Roman citizens, and because half even of the foot soldiers of Garibaldi belonged to the country.

The number of "foreigners" who assisted in the defence of Rome was from 1400 to 1500 men; from 1400 to 1500 men amongst a total of 14,000; for it is well that Italy should know that 14,000 men, a young army without traditions, and improvised under the very fire of the enemy, held in check, for two months, 30,000 soldiers of France. You knew all this, gentlemen, or you *could* have known it, and therefore you *ought* to have done so; and nevertheless you shamelessly gave out to the assembly the number of "foreigners" as 20,000, as a proof that after all it was not the Roman idea that you had endeavoured to stifle in blood: and upon this cipher of your own invention depends the greater part of your argument. Foreigners! I entreat pardon of



my country for having inscribed the word, after you, upon my page. What! Lombards, Tuscans, Italians, foreigners at Rome! And it is by you, Frenchmen, by you—who, in re-establishing the pontifical throne, have been supported by Austrians and Spaniards—that this reproach is made. A year ago our provinces sent the *élite* of their youth to fight upon the plains of Lombardy, as to a convention of honour; but I do not remember that Radetzky ever called them in his proclamations, *foreigners*. The absolute denial of Italian nationality has been reserved for the nephew of him who, at St. Helena, uttered these words:—“ *Unity of manners, of language, of literature, show that Italy is destined to form a single country.*”

The accusation of violence, of a reign of terror, directed against the Republican government, is an accusation to which the lie is now solemnly given by the facts of our defence. The armed enthusiasm of a whole people is not to be commanded by terror,\* and you are compelled, gentlemen, either to calumniate the valour of the French arms, or to confute your own statements:—to declare that a few factious individuals were not only able to restrain a population of 160,000 souls, but also, for two months, to contend with and often to conquer your army; or, in order to preserve yourselves from

\* The National Guard numbered about 13,000 men, and by virtue of its organisation anterior to the Republican government, which excluded from active service the poorest class, it represented the middle class in Rome.



the stain of imbecility and cowardice, to confess that the government, the people, the national guard, and the army of Rome were all united together as brothers in the common idea of liberty, and of war to the enemies of the Republic. It is necessary to speak of this, so that, at least, you cannot repeat the absurd accusation without others being able to reply, "*yours is a premeditated lie.*"

Pass by the assassination of Rossi, which has been so often and so hypocritically cited. The Republic inaugurated on the 9th of February, 1849, need not exculpate itself from a deed which occurred on the 16th of November, 1848, when the princely party, the *moderates*, the partisans of Charles Albert, possessed the field, and drove away, or condemned to absolute silence, the men of the republican faith. No one in Italy accuses your revolutions of having had their rise in assassination, because the Duke of Berri fell by the dagger, and five or six attempts at regicide succeeded each other in the space of two years in Paris. Mark the facts which, in every time, and in every place, accompany every system supported by violence. During nearly five months of republican government can you, gentlemen, point out a single condemnation to death for a political offence?—A single exile, founded upon political suspicions?—A single exceptional tribunal instituted in Rome to judge political offences?—A single newspaper suspended by order of the government?—A single decree directed to restrain the liberty of the press anterior to the siege? If so, point them out. Point



out the laws originating in a system of terror ; point out the ferocious bands of whom you speak ; point out the victims of our rule—or resign yourselves to be branded as liars.

In one of our declarations we said, “ The republican banner raised in Rome by the representatives of the people does not represent the triumph of one faction of citizens over another ; it represents a common triumph, a victory gained by the many, accepted by the immense majority, of the principle of good over that of evil, of the common right over the arbitrary rule of the few, of the sacred equality which God has decreed to all over privilege and despotism. We cannot be republicans without being and proving ourselves better than the overthrown powers. . . . . We are not the government of a party, but the government of a nation. . . . Neither intolerance nor weakness. The Republic is conciliating and energetic. *The government of the Republic is strong, therefore fearless.*” In these lines were summed up the republican programme ; nor was it ever violated by the men who ruled our Republic, as yours has been, O ministers of France.

And we were strong, strong in the love of the good—the bad amongst us are but few ; strong in the common consent of the citizens, and with a strength differing widely from yours, gentlemen. We had no necessity, in order to maintain ourselves in power, to place the capital in a state of siege, to dissolve the national guard, to fill the prisons, to exile (amongst others) the representatives of the people,



to condemn to transportation hundreds of working men, and to surround ourselves by cannon and soldiers. Our capital was cheerful and happy under the weight of sacrifice which sudden changes must always impose upon a state; tranquil and serene when the presence of your army under its walls might have provoked the malcontents, if malcontents were to be found in Rome, to acts of rashness. Our national guards furnished upwards of 7,000 men for active service within the city and on the walls. Our prisons were all but empty of political offenders. Two or three individuals strongly suspected of intercourse with your camp, two or three cardinals taken in the very act of conspiracy, and an official, Zamboni, guilty of desertion, were all who were under trial when M. de Corcelles visited the prisons. The five or six prisoners, Freddi, Alai, and the rest found by him in the Castle of St. Angelo, were there by order of Pius IX., and for plots against his government. The men most averse to the Republic, a Mamiani, a Pantaleoni, walked free through the streets of Rome. We reminded the people who mistrusted them, that the Republic, superior to the dethroned power, held opinions to be inviolable, unless manifested in dangerous acts; and the people, generous by nature, and from a consciousness of power, understood and respected this. Nor was there any danger for such men, until we could no longer interpose, and the spectacle of your brute force irritated the multitude to reaction. Owing to the impossibility of keeping guard round the whole



circuit of the city, several of our cannons often remained accessible to any one, and without a single soldier to guard them. And thus it happened on the 16th of May, when our troops moved on the side of Velletri against the army of the King of Naples—when, from five A.M. until midnight, the city remained without a single soldier, and entrusted solely to the people.

The French troops were at a little distance from the walls. The few guards left at the palace gates were withdrawn, as they were wanted elsewhere. The affection of the people was our safeguard. Neither then, nor at any other time, amidst the evils of an inevitable financial crisis, in the midst of physical privations inseparable from the semi-blockade which your forces extended around us, alike under your bombs as under the corruption which your agents and those from Gaeta endeavoured to excite—was a single attempt at insurrection made by those whom M. Drouyn de Lhuys insolently calls the honest ones; not a single voice arose to say to us, descend. Faction! terror! Ah, if you, ministers of France, retained a shadow of shame, you would, on looking around and thinking of the fears and violence by which you rule in Paris, have studiously avoided those words, from the fear that others might read therein your own condemnation. And if the assembly before which you spoke had not been irreparably corrupt and inaccessible to the love of truth—if the members who supported by their votes your foreign policy,



instead of servilely following in the tract of the power of the moment, whatever it might be, had had any system in their minds, however different from ours, or had been actuated by any faith—a hundred voices would have risen to say to you, “Be silent, nor dishonour our aims by open falsehood. What! your first decree in Rome is to establish the council of war for political offences; on the 5th of July you dissolve the clubs, you forbid all meetings, you threaten exemplary punishments to protect persons having friendly relations with your troops; on the 6th, you dissolve the civic guard; on the 7th, you command the complete disarming of the citizens; on the 14th, you suppress the journals; on the 18th, you fulminate threats against any meeting composed of more than five persons. All these your acts in the midst of a population which you declare to be favourable to you, and which come officially announced to us by your journal, are exactly those which we, upon your word, believed to have taken place as part of a system of terror in Rome under the republican government, and of which we do not discover a trace in their decrees; and yet you impudently persist in throwing out an accusation against them, which must recoil upon yourselves, and you boast yourselves the restorers of liberty in peace and order.”

And this state of things still exists—exists two months after your triumph. The prisons are choked with men, for the most part guilty only of having obeyed the ruling power, and pointed out by spies



to priestly vengeance. Upwards of fifty prisoners are confined in the castle of St. Angelo, guilty of having lent their services in our republican hospitals. Even the subaltern officials\* in the police are not spared in Rome, and are ferociously condemned to the galleys for life. In Terni, in Bologna, in Ancona, in Rimini, young men guilty of having a musket in their possession have been shot. There is not perhaps in the Roman States, one family in five, one of whose members is not either an exile or a prisoner. The men of the self-called *moderate* party—the men whom, on entering Rome, you declared to be rightfully there—are, through you, in exile. Mamiani, Galeotti, Father Ventura are exiles. Your work is one of destruction, equal to that accomplished by the monarchy in Spain in 1823. Would that you had at least the brutal courage of the monarchy! But, false interpreters of an idea which is not your own, secret enemies to the banner which you have publicly sworn to serve, conspirators rather than ministers, you are condemned to wrap yourselves in hypocritical and premeditated falsehood. Falsehood in your fundamental assertions; falsehood in the particulars; falsehood in yourselves; falsehood in your agents; falsehood—I blush in saying it for France, which you have at length brought so low as to soil her traditional honour—falsehood in the generals of your army. You have conquered by falsehood, and by falsehood you endeavour to justify yourselves.

\* Capanna, Petralia.



General Oudinot lied, when, in order to deceive the populations, and to smooth for himself the road to Rome, he vilely trafficked in our affections for France by keeping the Italian tricolour, which he knew himself about to overthrow, entwined with the French flag at Civita Vecchia until the 15th of July. He lied impudently by affirming, in his proclamation, that the greater part of the Roman army had fraternised with the French, when the whole staff of the army protested and resigned, when only 800 men (at the present time even they are dissolved) accepted the proposed conditions of service. He lied as a coward, when, after having given his solemn promise in writing not to assault the city before *Monday*,\* the 4th of June, he assaulted it on the night of the Sabbath. The envoy Lesseps lied when, induced by a culpable weakness, partly redeemed by the hope of remedying the evil, he reassured us by continual promises of a conclusive treaty, and conjured us not to attach importance to the movements of the French troops, dictated solely by the necessity of satisfying the soldiers, who were impatient of repose—whilst, in the mean time, you basely took advantage of our good faith to study unmolested our defences, to strengthen yourselves, and to occupy unexpectedly, during an armistice, the strategical point of Monte Mario. M. de Corcelles lied when, in contradiction to the declaration of the Roman Municipality, to that of

\* Letter of the 1st of June to General Roselli: "Only—I defer the attack of the place until Monday morning at least."



the foreign consuls, and to the testimony of a whole city, he declared that Rome had never been bombarded. The bombs fell for many nights, and particularly from the 23rd to the 24th, and from the 29th to the 30th, most frequently and injuriously upon the Corso, upon the Piazza di Spagna, upon the Babbuino, upon the Colonna Palace, upon the hospital of Santo Spirito, upon that of the Pellegrini, and in other places. You lied, M. de Tocqueville, when, relying upon the ignorance of your majority, you boasted, as a solitary fact in history, of the choice of the point towards the Porta San Pancrazio for assaulting the city, for the greater safety of the people and their habitations. Rome offers at the gate of San Paolo, and at the gate of San Giovanni, an open country; whilst the gate of San Pancrazio is surrounded by the people and their houses. The gate of San Pancrazio was chosen because from thence a communication with Civita Vecchia could be kept with less risk; and because, whilst from the other points it would be necessary to descend to a battle with the people and their barricades, which you rightly feared, from that of San Pancrazio the Janiculum dominating Rome offered the opportunity of conquering it, not by a war of men, but of bombs and cannons. You have all lied—from him who is the first amongst you, to the lowest of your agents—to us, to the assembly, to France, and to Europe, when, from the first day of the nefarious undertaking to the last, you gave repeated promises of protection, of brotherhood,



and of liberty, which you had already determined to betray.

Having resolved, in conjunction with Gaeta, Spain, and Austria, to overturn republican liberty in Rome, and after having so long conspired as to deceive yourselves with the idea that re-action amongst us would second your designs, you demanded assistance from the Assembly—deceiving it, as was unanswerably shown by the after discussions, as to the object of the expedition. And you deceived the commission charged with questioning you—the soldiers whom, at Toulon, you persuaded you were leading to fight against the Austrians—the inhabitants of Civita Vecchia, amongst whom you descended, like a masked thief, with two proclamations, one of which destroyed the other. Then, when the day of the 30th moved men to indignation, again deceiving the Assembly, by sending Lesseps to follow out the decree of the 7th, and writing the same day to General Oudinot to remain firm, and promising reinforcements ; then the same messenger giving instructions authorising him to act according to the will of the Assembly, but enjoining him, nevertheless, to maintain himself in agreement with Rayneval, who had instructions directly opposite ; then us ; then all : to-day most likely deceiving the Pope, to whom you have promised to restore his authority unconditionally, and whom now, finding it difficult to make France pardon you for having dishonoured her, you would wish to reduce to a constitutional pro-consul, dependent upon your policy.



Nevertheless, you have not lied so skilfully but that, even in your own words, we find the right to perpetual revolt, and the absolute condemnation of all that you have done, or may do, without legally consulting the will of the people ill-used by you.

The preamble of your constitution in Article 5 declares—"FRANCE RESPECTS FOREIGN NATIONALITIES. SHE NEVER EMPLOYS HER FORCES AGAINST THE LIBERTY OF ANY PEOPLE." And, strangled by that article, which you would fain, but dare not tear—without the consciousness of virtue or the strength of crime—you have let fall words which Europe has gathered up, and which are now torture to your souls. Odillon Barrot, the man who, on the 31st of January, 1848, declared the absolute right of every Italian state to liberty and independence\*—declared to the commission of the Assembly "*that the idea of the government was not to make France co-operate in the destruction of the Roman Republic . . . . . and that she would act independently of every solidarity with the other powers.*" And when, on the 16th of April, the reporter of the commission referred these declarations to the Assembly, the President of the Council said—"I do not deny a single word uttered by me before the commission, and referred to this Assembly."

\* "Besides the absolute right of all the Italian states to choose that form of government which they may judge fitting in all the fulness of their independence, and the formal declaration of France that she intends to maintain that independence, there is another question—the necessity of the independence of Italy."



And, he added—" *We are not going to Italy to impose a government, neither that of the Republic nor any other. . . . We do not wish to employ the forces of France to defend in Rome one form of government or another. No ; our intention is to be present at the events which may occur, in the double interest of our own influence and of liberty, which may be jeopardised.*"

The declaration of the French corps of occupation to the President of Civita Vecchia, dated the 24th of April, declared that the French government "*would respect the voice of the majority of the Roman populations . . . and that it would never impose upon them any form of government.*"

On the 26th, General Oudinot repeated, that "*the object of the French was not to exercise any oppressing influence, nor to impose any government upon the Romans against their will.*"

On the 7th of May, the President of the Council declared to the Assembly, that "*those proclamations, the work of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, involved the whole objects of the expedition.*"

" *We ought only to march upon Rome,*" said the reporter of the commission, "*in order to protect her against foreign intervention and against the excesses of a counter-revolution. . . . as protectors, or,*" quoting the expression used by the President of the Council to the commission, "*if called in as arbitrators.*"

Odillon Barrot repeated on the same day, that "*the Assembly was unwilling that under the direct*



*pressure of Austria, the contra-revolutionary spirit should triumph in Rome."*

And the Minister for Foreign Affairs confirmed this by saying, that "*the object of the expedition was to assure to the Roman populations the conditions of a good government, of a full liberty—conditions that would have been compromised by reaction or by foreign intervention.*" And he denied that General Oudinot had received orders to attack the Roman Republic; he denied that the general had intimated to the Roman government, that they must yield up their powers. Then came the solemn vote of the Assembly: — "THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY INVITES THE GOVERNMENT TO MAKE THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS WITHOUT DELAY, IN ORDER THAT THE ITALIAN EXPEDITION MAY NO LONGER BE DIVERTED FROM THE OBJECT ASSIGNED TO IT."

And from that time forwards, O ministers of France, at every instant, in all the steps that you have taken towards your secret intention—in the words dictated by you to your envoy, the choice of whom ought to have been to the Assembly a proof of your liberal intentions—in all the conferences held with us by your agents, in the projects of agreement\* drawn up by M. Lesseps and General Oudinot, on the 16th and 18th of May; in the letter

\* A provisional government shall be substituted for the present executive power, composed of Roman citizens, and chosen by the Roman National Assembly, until the moment when *the populations called upon to manifest their wishes shall have determined the form of government which shall rule them, and the guarantees*



of M. de Corcelles, on the 13th of June, “*France has but one object: the liberty of the Pontiff, the liberty of the Roman States, and the peace of the world*; your government has always directly or indirectly pointed to the will of the populations as the source of every right, and promised to them the free vote. The pitiful honour was reserved for you alone, M. de Falloux, of having been the first to declare to Europe, in your speech on the 7th of August, that France had lied up to that day. The victim was then overthrown, with the dagger at its throat. But your tardy declaration of the real object of the expedition, gentlemen, does not cancel the repeated promises of your government. The Roman people have a right to call upon you and say, *fulfil them*. And we, who know you of old—we who, aware of your designs and of the necessity that they should be made clear, in order that the good, hitherto deluded, may abandon you and seek safety elsewhere—we hold it as a duty to say to you, and we will say it to you daily, whatever you may do, “Fulfil them: what pretext now remains to you for not fulfilling them? Rome is free, now, from every *foreigner*—from all the *factionous*. Some of them have died under the carbines of Vincennes—the rest wander in exile. The *honest men* are reassured and reinstated: they know that all the cabinets,

of security which shall be afforded to Catholicism and the Papacy.”  
Project of May 16, Art. 3.

“*The Roman populations have the right of freely pronouncing upon the form of their government.*”—Project of May 18. Art. 2.



even the republican cabinet of France, are ready to labour in their defence, and the people know how many dangers the expression of their dearest wish involves for the future. Take courage, then: make the trial once again. Give the people a free vote. Withdraw; and let the armies of your allies, now that the mission assigned to you in the capital is fulfilled by them in the provinces, withdraw themselves also; and call upon the citizens, through a provisional government, to declare their will concerning the temporal power of the Pope and the institutions which ought to govern the nation. We from afar, exiles through you, accept the experiment. Accept it you, then—or again resign yourselves to be branded as liars.”

You will not, you dare not do it; you know that the result of the experiment would be the condemnation and the ruin of your designs. Endeavouring to destroy the Republic in France, and anxious to educate your soldiers to fire upon its flag, you cannot submit yourselves to the risk of seeing it raised again amongst us by the choice of the people. Weak, even to cowardice, in your diplomacy—transfixed with shame for the part you have played in Europe—uneasy about the opinions of your fellow-citizens—you thought to conciliate your fears and your aims by the appearance of strength, proving your vigour in action by attacking a weak newborn Republic; and now you would fain deceive yourselves into thinking that a few orders of the day, dated from Rome, will suffice to flatter the



pride and the warlike tendencies of your people. Your President needed the votes of the Catholic party ; and you have need, for your views, that the principle of authority, founded upon privilege, should be re-established by the aid of the example of a great religious institution. Therefore, you remain at Rome. And you will remain there as long as you are able, for you know that nothing but a foreign force can prevent a second revolution. You will remain, odious to both parties, going from subterfuge to subterfuge, from protocol to protocol, powerless to prevent priestly re-action on the one side, and popular discontent on the other, rendering the situation worse, not modifying it, still further complicating the diplomatic question, leaving undecided the political, and exciting the religious question. Europe will see that you are not only wicked, but incapable—that you have sullied the glorious name of France and the honour of your arms, yet failed to fulfil either your public or your secret programme—and that you have gained the curses of the people without having won back the confidence of their oppressors.

For the name and honour of France *are* sullied, not only by the deed of iniquity itself, but by the mode in which it has been accomplished—not only by the shameless violation of the programme of non-intervention and of international independence inscribed upon her national flag, and subscribed to by all the ministers of her government—not only by the cowardly oppression exercised by the French



arms, in conjunction with the Neapolitan, Austrian, and Spanish forces, against a state almost unarmed, and with a population greatly inferior to that of the smallest of the invading states—not only by all the repeated promises of liberty, peace, and order, successively betrayed; but even by the smallest particulars of the undertaking. I do not know of any period in modern history—that of the dismemberment of Poland only excepted—in which, in so brief a time, such an amount of infamy has been accumulated upon the head of a nation daring to breathe the name of liberty. As if the consciousness of crime made those committing it lose all sense of dignity, as if the corruption of the chief actors infected their instruments, every act, from the first day of the occupation to that upon which I write, has been marked by immorality. Whilst on the one hand a government minister could descend so low as to insert in the copy\* of the instructions given to M. Lesseps (recently communicated to the State Council) an expression which entirely altered its meaning, I myself was compelled to order the imprisonment of two officials who had come to us for the purposes of parley, and who, abusing our generous confidence, abstracted the plans of our city works; and whilst General Oudinot—before any

\* “ Everything which, by checking the course of intervention on the part of other powers animated by less moderate sentiments, will leave a greater field for our influence; *all that which shall hasten the fall of a regime condemned to perish,*” &c.

The phrase in *italics* was added in the copy.



act of hostility had taken place, and whilst the two banners, joined by the French themselves, waved together upon the tree of liberty—disarmed, and retained as prisoners in Civita Vecchia, the corps of Mellara; a little later a French superior official disgraced himself, by snatching with his own hand from the breast of their dead Colonel, in the church and during the funeral service, the Italian cockade. Ah, we may forgive you, ministers of France, the incalculable and unprovoked evil that you have done us, our sorrows, our fallen or dispersed brethren, even the postponement of our future emancipation; but one crime we cannot forgive—that of having dishonoured, for many years to come, the name of a nation to which we all turned as to an emancipating nation; that of having by falsehood, by the materialism of promotions and by the example of their chiefs, corrupted the soldiers of France, making them executioners of their brothers, in the name of the Pope, whom they despise, and by the side of Austria, which they abhor; of having degraded to a meaningless symbol—to a material idol, to be blindly followed wherever it may lead, a banner which is the sign of an idea, of a faith; of having sown the seeds of a hatred which will be slow and difficult to uproot between two nations which every thing tended to unite in the bonds of affection, between the sons of fathers who have taken together the sacrament of glory and suffering upon all the fields of Europe; of having brutally given the lie to the holy dream of the brotherhood of the



peoples, and afforded the enemies of progress and humanity the ferocious joy of seeing France, degraded to be the bully and the executioner of their designs, deal a blow upon the front of our Italian nationality, at the same time that she strikes that of Hungary in the rear for the goodwill and pleasure of Austria and the Czar.

Men without heart and without faith, the last disciples of a school, which beginning with the atheistical doctrine of art for art's sake, concluded ultimately with the formula of power for power's sake, you have lost all understanding of past history, all presentiment of a future. Your minds are steeped in egotism, and in the fear of that European movement which no human power can arrest, which, accepted and directed, would develop itself peacefully, and which your culpable resistance may succeed too well in changing into the elements of a fearful war. You were incapable of understanding the grandeur and beauty of the new life of Italy, which was dawning in Rome, in the Rome of the people. But what were your hopes when you decreed fraternal war? To destroy, by wounding to the heart, the national revolution? You ought to have seen that every resistance opposed to your arms by Rome, the mere fact of your leaguering yourselves with three governments to suppress her movements, would give an everlasting consecration to the dogma of our unity, and make of that one word, Rome, a religion to all Italy. Re-make a throne for the Pope? For the Pope, and by



bayonets? A constitutional throne for the Pope? A temporal throne may be re-established for a time by bayonets, but not that of the head of believers. And the simplest logic might have taught you that the Pope can be nothing, if not an absolute monarch. Two months from this time will show you that you have, in all respects, failed in your purposes.

You wished, you said so at least, to prevent the re-establishment of the old abuses in the Roman states; and yet those old abuses will inevitably re-appear, one after the other, and all the stronger for having been cancelled by the republican government for five months and threatened for the future. You cannot change the habits, the tendencies, the wants of the aristocracy of the clergy; you cannot destroy the people's abhorrence for it; and you cannot support yourselves on a *moderate* intermediate party, which does not exist in Rome. You may dictate conditions, but the non-observance of such regulations has always been, and will always be, a fatal consequence in the Roman States. And this non-observance, resulting from the nature of the elements which constitute the supreme power, and which divest it of all real responsibility, will increase so much the more, as, through your work, the illegal war of secret associations will be substituted for legal and public agitation; and—may God forbid it!—the daggers of an incensed population, despairing of all legal protection, may seek to assert those rights which the law is unable to defend. Physical



misery, financial ruin, and the anarchy inseparable from the contempt in which their rulers are held, will aggravate the contest amongst the different elements which compose the state. In the mean time you have the old government unconditionally restored and the spy system returning into use, with the men, not of Pius IX. but of Pope Gregory, masters at Rome and in the provinces.

You wished to maintain, to increase, French influence in Italy; and you have destroyed it—destroyed it with the people, whom you have iniquitously and ungratefully robbed of their liberty and independence—destroyed it with the people's oppressors, because, by condescending to ally yourselves with them, you have liberated them from the fears with which you had inspired them; and destroyed it with the satellites of the papacy, because your situation in the face of France obliges you to annoy them with suggestions of concessions, which they neither will nor can admit without denying the *principle* which sustains them, and digging their own graves. Your influence in Italy consisted in the hopes which the people persisted in nourishing on your account, and in the sword of Damocles which you held suspended over the heads of the princes. Now you are despised by one party, and abhorred as traitors by the other. The French name is a mark of scorn from one end of Italy to the other, and will remain so until unmistakeable facts convince the world that France is re-awakened to the consciousness of her mission.



You wished to rebuild a throne, and give new lustre to the papacy ; I will tell you in what you have succeeded. You have raised the religious question, and given the finishing blow to a falling institution. You aimed at saving the sovereign, and you have killed the Pope ; destroying the moral *prestige* which surrounded him, by the aid of your arms—degrading in the eyes of Italy, him who is the sole arbiter of the religious question, by foreign support, and separating him from his people by a torrent of blood. In that blood the papacy was stifled. The only means of saving it—the only means of withdrawing it from the foreign influence which is its ruin, was to snatch it from the sphere of political influences to the more pure and independent one of the soul. You have now closed for ever the last road to safety. The papacy is extinct. Rome and Italy will never forgive the Pope for having, as in the middle ages, called in foreign bayonets to transfix Italian breasts.

You are beginning now, gentlemen, to understand these things. Your cabinet conceals secrets of discomfiture, and dissipated illusions of a system of policy wavering between Paris and Gaeta, which will soon be revealed. You hear the low murmurs of Rome's vengeance.

The Roman Republic has fallen ; but its right lives immortal—a phantom which will often rise to disturb your dreams. And it shall be our care to evoke it. The political question is intact. The Roman Constituent Assembly, by declaring that it yielded solely to force, without entering into any



condition, or becoming a party to any unworthy compromise, took from you every basis of legal action. We have not capitulated. Rome's right exists as strong as on the day when the Republic was first inaugurated. Defeat has left it unchanged. The vote of the populations, legally and freely expressed, remains a normal condition of life, from which no one can now retreat. You dare not deny that right; in all that has passed, you have but sought to weaken and to render doubtful its expression. And the defeat of those whom you falsely denominated as factious, removing, even in the opinions of those who believed in you, every obstacle to the free voting of the populations, has rendered the right of voting only more urgent and more sacred.

For us, for those who feel with us, the right of Rome has deeper root and other hopes than those which are merely local. The roots of Rome's right embrace in their ramifications the whole of Italy. The hopes of Rome are the hopes of the Italian nation, whose re-awakening neither your nor any other's veto can prevent. God decreed that awakening on the day, when all monarchical delusions overcome one by one, when all false ideas of leagues and federations, which an erroneous doctrine had striven to implant amongst us, having been expiated by martyrdom, the Italian national instinct raised within the ancient capital the banner of national unity, and declared that God and the people should henceforth be the only masters in Italy. Rome is



the centre, the heart, of Italy ; the palladium of the Italian mission ; and the city in which broods the secret of our future religious life can patiently endure the brief delay which your arms have unexpectedly caused to the development of its destinies.

You are ministers of France, gentlemen—I am only an exile ; you have power, gold, armies, and multitudes of men dependent on your nod ; I have only consolation in a few affections, and in this breath of heaven, which speaks to me from the Alps of my country, and of which you, inexorable in persecution, as are all those who fear, may yet deprive me. Yet I would not exchange my fate with yours. I bear with me in exile the calm inspired by a pure conscience. I can fearlessly raise my eyes to those of other men, without the dread of meeting any one who can say to me,—“ *You have deliberately lied.*” I have combated, and will combat again, without pause as without fear, wherever I may be, the wicked oppressors of my country—falsehood, in whatever shape she may clothe herself, and the powers which, like yours, rely upon maintaining or re-instituting the reign of privilege, upon corruption, upon blind force, and upon the negation of the progress of the peoples. But I have fought with loyal arms ; never have I sullied myself by calumny, or degraded myself by using the word *assassin* against one unknown to me, and who was, perhaps, better than myself.

God save you, gentlemen, from dying in exile, because you have no such consciousness with which to console yourselves.



# ROME AND THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

*Being mainly a reply to the speech of M. MONTA-LAMBERT in the French Assembly, in the sitting of October 1st, 1849, during the discussion on the Roman Question.*

I KNOW not whether I deceive myself, but I believe that so far as regards courageous truthfulness, and sincerity of affirmation, the question between ourselves and the French government is, for all honest men in Europe, decided. We may have erred as utopian, as over-daring, as anything, save false, or jesuitical; whilst the men who have overthrown our Republic, have upon their consciences such a mass of lies—lies proved by documentary evidence—that no one can henceforth require from us fresh refutations of the old impostures attempted by ministers, or their followers, in the late discussion. Our hands—the hands of those who directed the Republic in Rome are free from crime, and from blood. The Republic, proclaimed by the free and universal suffrage of the people, and confirmed in the midst of the perils of the invasion, by almost all the municipalities, maintained itself, without judicial terror or prescription, as tolerant and loyal within, as it was brave and loyal with the enemies that assailed it from without. Proscriptions only commenced with the triumph of the French arms. The government of France, through its generals and its



envoys, made solemn promises to the French Assembly, which have been everywhere betrayed. Rome is at the present moment a prey to an unmixed tyranny. These are facts proved beyond a doubt, by the declarations of M. Lesseps, by the official documents of the Republic, by a thousand trustworthy and honourable testimonies, both foreign and Italian, and by confessions wrung from our enemies themselves: they are henceforth matter of history.

I leave, therefore, without comment, to the judgment of those who care to read it, the speech of M. Thuriot de la Rosière, with the long series of unblushing assertions by which he endeavours to prove that in Rome, the clergy, the capitalists, the owners of property, moveable and immoveable, the artists, foreigners, diplomatists, civic guards, troops of the line, all, in fact, were under coercion, and really hostile to the Triumvirate. Who then from the 30th of April until the 2nd of July defended Rome?

I pass by, also without comment, the falsehoods with which the long and involved discourse of M. O. Barrot is interpreted, when he describes the part played by the French government in Rome, the protecting clemency which it extended to its enemies—or rather, as M. Thuriot affirms to me; when, in face of the imprisonment of Cernuschi, of Achilli, of the priests who had attended to the wounded, of the Neapolitan exile, Caputo, of Dr. Ripari, and of a multitude of others, he ventures to speak of the French government having forbidden all imprisonment; when he boasts of the pontifical



amnesty already obtained by the French minister, whilst some two days only before he pronounced his discourse, even the five members of the Roman Assembly who had voted against the abolition of the Papal authority, had been banished the Roman territory, together with men who, like Calderari of the Carabineers, were in the militia most hated by the people, because suspected of retrograde conspiracies—and the like.

The list of decrees published from time to time in the official journal of Rome, is a sufficient answer to all that may be asserted as to the conduct of the French in Rome; to the falsehoods regarding the spirit of the Roman states, a sufficient answer is to be found in the fact that, although the most energetic part of the population has been dispersed, imprisoned, or exiled, the army disbanded and the country disarmed, they yet dare not interrogate the votes of the citizens, and 6000 Spaniards, 20,000 Austrians, and 40,000 Frenchmen, are found necessary to prevent insurrection.

The discussions in the French Assembly have brought forward certain incontrovertible facts, which it is important to register as at once a lesson, and a consolation.

That the French expedition was conceived and executed with the object of restoring, without any limitation, the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, is *now* confessed by all, from Thiers to Odillon Barrot.

It is now admitted that the object of the negotiations, or rather, as expressly stated by M. O.



Barrot in the name of his colleagues and the President—of the timid and respectful suggestions of the French government, is merely to induce the Pope to grant a *Consulta* which shall impose the taxes, and which shall be named by the municipal councils, and be chosen by the elective principle in the third degree.

It is now admitted, that the letter of the President is *null*, the caprice of a weak brain, or rather as M. O. Barrot would say—a coward's boast.

It is admitted, that although — these are the words of O. Barrot—the separation of the two powers, temporal and spiritual, may be necessary to preserve liberty of conscience and true and lasting freedom throughout Europe, yet it cannot and ought not to be allowed in Rome; and three millions of Italians are condemned to remain an exception of servitude, and a negation of progress among nations.

Catholicism, by the mouth of its chief orator in France, now declares Liberty and Papacy to be irreconcilable, and refuses to admit any such restriction upon the authority of the priestly government, as a *Consulta* imposing the taxes.

The policy of the French government is no longer based upon any moral principle whatever, and has no longer, therefore, any right to claim the confidence of peoples or of governments.

These facts, I have said, convey a lesson, and carry with them a consolation. A *lesson* which no one may forget, that whatever name be written at



the head of the decrees of France, her present rulers, Barrot, De Tocqueville, Thiers, Dufaure, and the like, all, however disguised, are men of the *Monarchy*, preachers of mixed constitutional systems; a *consolation*, because a government without a principle, without faith in a common morality, is destined to pass rapidly from crisis to crisis, and to fall. Without principle and without faith; and it is time, in the presence of one people brutally oppressed, and of another dishonoured, to declare it openly. I do not believe that the history of the last half century offers any more disgraceful spectacle than that presented by the false republicans now at the head of affairs in France. The very men, who for fifteen years have attacked the clerical element with every possible weapon, who in their writings, and in the Assembly have declared emancipation from the spiritual power to be the corner-stone of the social edifice, who from the time of Louis XVIII. until 1830, and still later, whenever a glimpse of power seemed to disclose itself as the reward of their struggles, unceasingly laboured, though under the mantle of hypocrisy, to dissolve and destroy all faith in the altar and in the throne, have now combined with the scattered survivors of the party they conquered, to prevent the peoples from attaining the legitimate consequences of their victory. Bastard descendants of Voltaire and Volney, latest offspring of the materialism of the eighteenth century, devoid of every idea of *duty*, or of the religious future, they summed up their international doctrine, a few years



since, in the hateful words, "*every one for himself, French blood must flow for France alone,*" and the doctrine of their internal policy in the negative formula, "*the law is atheist.*" And now, united with the last supporters of the *right Divine*, whom in their hearts they despise, and by whom they are in their turn despised, they hymn forth praises to the Pope, and veneration for Catholicism, some with the jesuitical countenance of Mephistophiles, some with Dominican bitterness and intolerance, and some in that vacuity of mind which yields to every thing that is or has the semblance of a *fact*. Conspirators, for the sake of power under Charles X., some of them members of secret Republican Societies—yet ardently protesting in public their reverence for the monarchical constitutional charter; abjectly flattering and trembling before the people when it arose in revolutionary omnipotence, yet feudally insolent when the lion was quieted again, conspiring against republican institutions to which all of them, even M. Montalembert, had sworn faith,—persecuting their former associates, from the irritation of shame, of remorse, persecuting those who have never changed their language or their belief, from fear of the truth, they have themselves changed sides so repeatedly that there is not a syllable in their speeches of to-day, which cannot be refuted by their speeches of a year or some months back. I quote an example of this at the bottom of the page.\*

\* *I declare . . . that I was unable to sanction with my vote a military demonstration, (the expedition prepared by General*



Such are the enemies of Republican Rome. Ah ! it is indeed true, as has been said by one of themselves, that liberty no longer awakens in the hearts of Frenchmen the worship of sacrifice gladly encountered, and that holy youthful enthusiasm unsullied by anger or revenge, nourished by hope and faith, which once kindled in their hearts under the breath of love. But where is the fault ? Not in the few acts committed in insurrection against some amongst the oppressors of the people, which we deplore, but which you, the admirers of Charlotte Corday, have not the right to anathematize,—acts much more than counterbalanced by recent royal massacres, and by thousands of victims arbitrarily slaughtered ; not in any absurd exclusive system of violent subversion, uttered by some individuals, but universally rejected by us, and which would disappear in the satisfaction of the true wants of the people. If that worship be now contaminated by base passions, if that enthusiasm appear now weakened by discouragement, the fault is wholly yours. The men who are answerable for the evil consequences which must follow from such a state of things, are those who for upwards of twenty years have nursed the people in a school of deception ; they are those who, once beloved by the youth of Europe, as the apostles of free opinions, have since

*Cavaignac) which appeared to me dangerous alike to the sacred interests it was intended to protect, and to the peace of Europe.—*  
Speech of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, in the Constituent Assembly of France, 2nd December, 1848.



coldly betrayed them; they are those who having said to the people, "*Liberty is the right of every human being to individual development, the means of the progressive improvement of all*" now tell them, by their actions, that liberty is the egotistic aristocracy of actual power substituted to that of blood, the monopoly and privilege of wealth, the opening of the path to office and power to a small number of dishonest and sceptical schemers. You need not seek elsewhere the causes of doubt and distrust.

The late ministerial discourses on the Roman question are an example of the immorality of which I speak. The question of right is alluded to by none. The inviolability of the life of a people, the republican mission inscribed, with the words, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, upon the banner of France, are not regarded as elements of the problem to be solved. *It was necessary*—thus argued the President of the Council—in the condition of affairs in Rome, either to remain inert, which would be dishonourable—to recognize the Roman Republic as a sister, and run the risk of an European war, or to interfere against her; and we chose the latter course. *Had we not done it Austria would.* Thus because an honest man amongst you is threatened by the dagger of an assassin, and you have not courage to interfere to defend him, you hasten to strike the first blow. Rejoice gentlemen, the dagger plunged in the heart of Rome is your own, the victim palpitates beneath the folds of the tri-coloured banner of France, and you may receive the felicitations of



Welden, and of the King of Naples: You were there the first.

And such arguments called forth the applause of the *right*; whilst to any who recall to mind the conditions and promises of the intervention, the minister answers with the air of Brennus, “Woe to the Conquered! *Speak not of conditions and promises, war has power to break them!*” War! But were not all your former discourses founded on the oppression exercised in Rome by a factious handful of the population? Did you not declare yourselves liberators? Were not your promises all the more sacred, when, having driven away that factious handful, you were in a position to fulfil them?

France has done all in Rome that Austria would have done; she has re-established the Pope in the plenitude of his absolute temporal power; any defence grounded on the dangers threatened to us by Austria, is therefore null and absurd. But were those dangers insurmountable?

I have the moral certainty—and it would not be difficult to collect the proofs—that the intervention was concerted at Gaeta between the four invading powers. But it is not now important to ascertain this. What should we have done had the commission of overthrowing the Roman Republic been entrusted to Austria instead of to France? It is useful for the Italians to make this clear.

The Roman army consisted of about 14,000 or 15,000 fighting men. The Lombard division, 8,000 strong, awaited our orders to embark. Their real



obstacles, as every one knows, were the French ships-of-war, and the impossibility, even had that danger been overcome, of landing at Civita Vecchia.

In Marseilles was the nucleus of a foreign legion in our pay, 800 strong, most of them Frenchmen. In Marseilles, also, were 5000 or 6000 muskets bought by us in France, and withheld by the French government. In Civita Vecchia were another 4000, which was equal to 4000 soldiers for Rome. Further aid was expected from Corsica and from Switzerland. At the end of April, the Republican forces would have amounted to 29,000 or 30,000 men.

The Austrians arrived under the walls of Ancona with only 12,000 men, and their long line of operations remained, from their weakness, undefended and unprovided for. The plan we had arranged was to make a demonstration at Tolentino, thence to march rapidly, overthrowing every obstacle, on the way to Fano, and bring our concentrated forces to bear on the rear of the enemy in the Romagna. Such a plan of operations, executed by 28,000 men, must inevitably have either driven the Austrians to a precipitate flight, or have destroyed that corps of the army. The Austrians would either have been compelled to retard the invasion from a sense of their weakness, thus leaving us time to become by the middle of May, amply provided with the materials of war, and 45,000 strong,—and this was the most probable course—or they must have invaded the territory of the Republic, and have thus given us



the opportunity of initiating the defence with a certain victory. Who can calculate the moral effect of a victory over the Austrian arms, thus flung like the gauntlet of defiance in the midst of populations, burning with a long cherished hatred to Austria, prone to enthusiasm, and since proved brave and desirous of battle? We rejoiced in the hope of extending a hand to heroic Venice, and notwithstanding the extinction of the royal war at Novara, of re-kindling the sacred war of Italian Independence, in the name of God and the people. Had the undertaking been entrusted to Austria the result would at least have been more than doubtful; and to speak of it as certain, to men who, although deprived of all the forces which were shut out from them by Civita Vecchia being in the hands of the French, yet fought the fight of the 30th of April, and in a city far from strong, withstood an army of 30,000 Frenchmen for a whole month's siege, is to add the ridiculous to the consciousness of falsehood.

But there are brows, as George Sand says, which have lost the power to blush.

The question as regards the invasion in its motives and in its details, is—I repeat it—a question henceforth decided; and we may raise ourselves above the slough of lies, contradictions and hypocrisy, to contemplate it in a higher sphere. The feeble descendants of the *Doctrine* may drag themselves, as they can, from difficulty to difficulty, from disgrace to disgrace, vainly attempting a *transaction* between the two principles represented in Rome by



the Pope and the People, as long as it pleases France or Italy to tolerate them. But the solution of the question does not lie in their hands.

The solution of the question belongs to Humanity. *Humanity and the Papacy* are the two extreme terms of a controversy, inherent in the progressive and providential education of the human mind, and which has been openly agitated in Europe during four centuries.

Those who would change the words into *Liberty* and *Authority*, misunderstand, intentionally or in narrowness of soul, the terms of the problem, falsify the elements of decision, and assign to humanity a character of *opposition* which tends to deny its very essence.

M. Montalembert alone in the French Assembly caught a glimpse of the real height of the contest. He disdained individuals and attacked the republican party, with a courage worthy of a better cause ; —but he also is below the subject, in consequence of the error I have noted. It is now eminently necessary and useful to treat the question in the sphere of principles, because his speech throws more light upon the state of things and of men's minds, than all the ministerial discourses from the siege of Rome to the present time. We as Italians and Republicans thank M. Montalembert. He has given us the programme of the Catholic party ; and this programme is a solemn confirmation of our belief. The *transactions* dreamed of by the men of the *Doctrine* are null, impossible. The *sint ut sunt* is



the symbol of Catholicism even to the present day. Liberty is irreconcilable with Papacy. The absolute authority of the Catholic Church, incarnated in the Pope, must remain such as it was in the time of Gregory XVI., free to follow the inspirations of its own conscience, without restraint, without compact, without any institution calculated to weaken its influence. Thus speaks the orator of the Catholic party; there is but one thing wanting to make him speak the truth of the future—that he should destroy the conscience of the human race.

And the conscience of the human race, superior to the Pope—the conscience of the human race, which for many centuries voluntarily constituted the right and power of the Pope, now protests, not in the name of liberty but of authority, against that institution in whose name M. Montalembert would suppress the free development of Roman life.

We are not the disciples of Voltaire, or of the 18th century. They destroyed, and denied; and because they destroyed, we endeavour to build up; because they denied, we affirm. Humanity, now, as ever, is profoundly inevitably religious; and it is because it is religious that it makes war on the Pope, the outward form, the phantom of religion, not religion itself.

The accusation of irreligion, of simple absolute negation of *every* authority which is cast upon democracy, is henceforth unworthy of any one who would look with an impartial eye on its most pure and potent manifestations. We all combat to ac-



quire for the world an authority ; we all invoke the termination of a period of crisis, in which of the two criteria of truth given to us by providence—the *conscience of humanity, and the conscience of the individual*—there remains but the second. We ask a pact, a common faith, an interpreter of the Law of God. But in order that this pact may be religious, in order that our own souls may be the pledges of its observance, it is necessary that it be freely accepted by our own conscience. In order that this authority may direct our life, it is necessary that it should have faith in itself, that it should be the Word of Unity, of continual progress, of the discovery of truth. And we say that, at the present day, the Papacy does not possess any one of these essential characteristics, to render it holy and fruitful. The cry of liberty, which has arisen among the peoples, is a cry for emancipation from the dead form of an authority, which is an impediment to the new authority which is to succeed. Every great revolution is the sign of the death of a worn out Power, and the initiation of another comprehensive life, consecrating all its manifestations to a co-ordinate and peaceful progress. How was it that no one in the French Assembly put the question before M. Montalembert in these terms ? How was it that not a single voice arose and said to him : “ You base your argument upon the void ; you discuss that which was, not that which is. The Papacy is dead, choked in blood and mire ; dead, because it has betrayed its own mission of protection to the weak



against the oppressor ; dead, because, for three centuries and a-half, it has prostituted itself with princes ; dead, because, in the name of egotism and before the palaces of all the corrupt, hypocritical, and sceptical governments, it has for the second time crucified Christ ; dead, because it has uttered words of faith which it did not itself believe ; dead, because it has denied human liberty and the dignity of our immortal souls ; dead, because it has condemned science in Galileo, philosophy in Giordano Bruno, religious aspiration in John Huss and Jerome of Prague, political life by an anathema against the rights of the people, civil life by jesuitism, the terrors of the inquisition, and the example of corruption, the life of the family by confession converted into a system of espionage, and by division introduced between father and son, brother and brother, husband and wife ; dead, for the princes by the treaty of Westphalia ; dead, for the peoples, with Gregory XI. in 1378, and with the commencement of the schism ; dead, for Italy, since 1530, when Clement VII. and Charles V., the Pope and the Emperor signed an infamous compact, and extinguished, at Florence, the dying liberties of Italy, as to-day, you have attempted to extinguish her rising liberties in Rome ; dead, because the people has risen, because Pius IX. has fled, because the multitude curses him, because those very men who for fifteen years have made war upon the priests, in the name of Voltaire, now hypocritically defend them, because you and yours defend them, with



intolerance and by force of arms, and declare that the Papacy and Liberty cannot live side by side! You ask Victor Hugo to point out to you an idea which has been worshipped for eighteen centuries. It is that idea which you have declared irreconcilable with the Papacy, and which was breathed into humanity by God; the idea which has withdrawn from Catholicism the half of the Christian world, the idea which has snatched from you, Lamennais and the flower of the intellects of Europe, the idea of Christ, that pure, holy and sacred liberty which you invoked for Poland some years back, which Italy invokes for herself to-day, under the form, and with the guarantee of nationality, and which you cannot pretend to be good for one country and bad for another, unless you believe it a part of religion to create a pariah people in the bosom of humanity. Ah! sir, it is a grave condemnation of the Papacy, a grave confirmation of our belief, this contradiction, confessed by your own words to exist between the eternal elements of human life, and that institution, which, instead of endeavouring to cancel them, should rather seek to bless and promote them.

And this contradiction, as regards us, amounts to the negation of the inherent rights, not only of the Roman populations, but of the nation.

One year ago the ministers of France hailed the development of Italian nationality, as an inevitable and auspicious event. Lamartine declared, "*with the certainty of not being belied by any possible facts, that with or without French intervention, Italy would be*



*free.* The Constituent Assembly, "*invited the Executive power to keep before it as its rule of conduct the unanimous desire of the representatives: the emancipation of Italy.*" Now, worshippers of *fact* and of that blind force which for a time has subjugated the idea, both representatives and ministers cancel and forget the nation, and treat the question as if it were merely local in its character.

Do they believe the pulse of twenty-six millions of men who have learned to rise, to conquer and to die in the name of the future Italy, to be for ever extinguished? Or if they believe in the future Italy, do they think that the nation can exist for a single day of free and progressive life, with the dogma of absolute authority implanted in its metropolis.

The future Italy, the one Nation, is a fact inevitable, and not long to be delayed. This Italian faith, proclaimed from the time of Dante downwards, in the lives and writings of our great thinkers, transmitted from generation to generation in the aspirations of our literature, handed down from father to son, during the last thirty years, in the heart of our secret societies, and nourished with our blood and tears, we will not sacrifice to your paltry conceptions of a compromise, or because it pleases you to poeticize over the ruins of an institution, which *was* sublime, and to oppress the future beneath the domination of the past. Popes, Emperors, domestic oppressors, and jealous foreign potentates, have all striven to their utmost to strangle, in its birth, this faith; and it has not



availed. The slow work of unification has never paused in Italy during the last three centuries. At a time when the Papacy had already become hateful to the best part of the nation, and when a Pope was desirous that his name might be remembered with affection linked with the genius of Michael Angelo in the tradition of our country, he was compelled to cry, "Away with the barbarians." And when the enthusiasm of our youth, whom you have calumniated as anarchic and demagogic, hailed with a long cry of mistaken applause, the Pope in whose name the foreigner is now in Rome, that Pope had lovingly uttered the sacred word ITALY; and the applause was withdrawn, and the people indignantly retired from him, when he showed himself adverse to the war of emancipation. And the work is now going on, governed by the law of a constantly accelerating motion. From minds educated to the idea, it has descended into the heart of Italy, unto the multitudes. Would you presume to arrest it? Would you pretend to convince us that we are sacrificing our lives to a dream, to a culpable illusion, because an old man destitute of love or of genius, of honest faith, or of the courage of martyrdom, and some few corrupt, immoral, and irreligious men pointed at, like Richelieu, by the people, under the name of the *Red Triumvirs* stutter forth an anathema?

And I—it is the only time that I speak, and most unwillingly, of myself—I, who have never signed declarations, or accepted amnesties, because I would not introduce into my life a lie, and because it is



they who have need of our amnesty and not we of theirs—I, an exile for now twenty years, who have sacrificed all the joys of life—and what is of more importance, the happiness of those dear to me—to the worship of this one idea of Italy the Initiatrix of my country, one and free;—I, who loved you when reading the few pages you prefixed to the *Pélerin Polonnais*, and who now mourn over you as the persecutor of my brethren, and the enemy of my nation; shall I cancel my own conscience, and trample under foot this faith of mine, which has upheld me against sorrow and doubt, amid delusions and misfortunes which I do not desire for you, because the corrupters of the church cannot reconcile their lust of princely dominion with the liberty of Italy, and the progress of the world? Ah! I remember an Italian mother who regretted that she had not two sons to give to her country, and another who wrote to me at a time, when I was shaken for a moment by sorrows unknown to all save her, quoting the 12th and following verses of the epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians. The first of these mothers had lost her son through the deeds of your party, under the walls of Rome; the second had lost two sons by exile, and the third had died by his own hand in prison. The voice of these two mothers, sir, is to me an answer to many studied discourses. The religion of sacrifice is very different in its truth to that religion which you seek to sustain by bayonets. Let then the Papacy perish, but let Italy live! If, said, Padre Ventura, the church



journeys not with the people, the people will journey on without the church, apart from the church, against the church. Against the church! No! We will journey on from the church of the past to the church of the future, from the lifeless to the living church, to the church of the free and equal, where those shall reign who best shall serve their brethren, and where the seat of faith is not sustained by violence. There is space enough for such a church between the Vatican and the Capitol.

And this cry of my soul, this conviction which nothing can root up, is the cry, Sir, and the conviction of all that youth of Italy, which has thrilled with indignation whilst reading your discourse, and which will thrill with affection whilst reading mine. You may silence my cry, but theirs you cannot. You may destroy many lives, you cannot destroy life. The life of a nation is a thing of God. Every effort of yours must yield to the decree of Providence. An Italy shall be.

And the day in which an Italy shall be, what will become of the Papacy?

Even in falling, Rome has rendered a service to France. She has raised up the greatest obstacle which can be raised up to the government which now oppresses her, she has destroyed the party *de la doctrine*, she has laid bare the secret of the party which now seizes upon power:—1815 and *right divine*.

Let France look and hasten. There are two deaths for the peoples; assassination by conquest,



and the suicide of dishonour. France is now threatened with the second. Nevertheless France cannot, must not perish. A people which gave to humanity the last word of one epoch, ought to associate in the revelation of the first word of the epoch which is to follow. Europe has need of France, of her arm, and of her counsels, and it shall have them.

The voice of a poet, whom we loved when young, and whose silence amid our ranks we have long mourned, the voice of Victor Hugo, has arisen at the cry of Rome, of the city, mother of genius and of poetry. And in the name of Rome we thank him, that he has branded the forehead of her oppressors. The voice of a friend, an exile like ourselves, has written potent and beautiful words of exculpation for France, the true France, for the crime committed against our young nationality,\* and to him we say in grateful affection, "Fear not, brother; let your own exile, as our hearts, exculpate the true France. We love, as we fight, now, and for ever. And our love is your love, our battle is your battle. The false *môt d'ordre* spoken by the men who have deserted your beautiful banner, shall not divide the soldiers of the same camp. We mourn, and we hope, for you and with you. And when you see us hold ourselves apart in Rome from the men, who though speaking the language of France, neither represent her thought, nor her mission, say to yourself; "*they wish to pre-*

\* Louis Blanc.



*serve themselves pure for the embrace of regenerated France ;”* and when you hear us speak sharp and bitter words against men and against deeds which dishonour France, say to yourself ; “ they blame our country as if it were their own ; but they never forget a single act, or a single man among those that redeem her.”

JOSEPH MAZZINI.



## FROM THE POPE TO THE COUNCIL.

(*Extracted from the Italia del Popolo of September, 1849.*)

The pages here subjoined were written by me, at the request of an Editor, and almost at the stroke of a pen, as far back as 1832. Prefixed to a few copies of a translation of Didier's work upon the Three Principles—they had little or no publicity. This, however, is not my reason for reprinting them. The reason is to be found in their date. Profoundly convinced that the religious question now calls imperiously for a solution; convinced that Papacy having abused its mission, which was already exhausted, for some four centuries, is now a corrupt institution and a mere mockery of religion; convinced that, abandoned by its own faith and that of others, without inspiration, without understanding or love of humanity, without the power of infusing life in the coming generations, demanding for themselves the food of the soul, Papacy, reduced to a state of negation, can produce nothing henceforth but materialism, but a condition of society which it can dominate to tyranny, and the degrading worship of the mere interests of the shop; convinced that the day has arrived for every honest man to break the guilty silence, and to say to it, as his conscience dictates—*Thou art a falsehood condemned by God and men; begone: we worship not phantoms;—*I am glad to be able to say to myself and to my readers,



that my convictions date from seventeen years ago. Late events have confirmed, but have not inspired them. I know not what it is to be animated by revenge or reaction. Those men who, themselves deprived of all faith, cannot believe in that of others, the men who accused Lamennais of having abandoned the papacy because a cardinal's hat had not been offered him, will say to us ; Your war against Papacy is an answer to the defeat of Rome. We point out, not to them, but to those who might believe in them, our opinions in 1832. Those opinions, conceived in the death-like repose of an exile imposed by a Prince and not by the Pope, might err through audacity but not through anger. Even when we saw the bombs furrow the sky of Rome, and foreign soldiers mount, as in the middle ages, to the assault of her walls, hewing down her valiant sons in the name of an institution in which they did not believe, we did not feel anger, but the deepest pity and grief ; pity for Pius who, not naturally bad, but misled by wicked men and by the vanity of princely dominion, will die with remorse in his soul ; grief that the papacy should not be able or willing to sink solemnly, like the sun in the immensity of the ocean, conscious of the religious transformation which Providence is maturing for humanity, and itself transmitting the connecting link and the initiating word to believers. But it seems to be decreed that great institutions at the expiration of the period of life allotted to them, should be extinguished in mire or in blood.



It is over seventeen years since I wrote: "Italy, setting aside the great and important spectacle of a people aspiring to regain its unity, independence, and liberty, presents at the present time a phenomenon that merits the attention of all peoples, and of all those who watch with attention the progress of humanity. In the midst of all those efforts which spring up and die to be reproduced the day after, in the midst of that universal ferment which extends from the Alps to the Pharo, like a boiling spring, whose source is in the Roman soil,—a great fact, an European fact, is being accomplished. There is something more in this land than an oppressed and excited population; something more than a multitude desirous for the amelioration of its material condition; something more than a few communes insisting upon their franchise. There is the development of a moral revolution, the manifestation of a moral law, the proclamation of a principle of moral liberty. There is the human race at the gates of Rome, imperiously demanding its franchise.

"PAPACY IS EXPIRING.—PAPACY IS EXTINCT.

"The moral power of the papacy has long been dead in Europe. Luther destroyed it by withdrawing from it the north. It sufficed for a single city to deny that power, and to be able to hold out in its denial, to stab it with a mortal wound, and to show that papacy had fulfilled its mission upon



earth, and no longer corresponded to the wants and intellectual condition of humanity.

“From the time when the power, whose finger once ruled *urbi et orbi*, saw its authority disputed over one-third of Europe, the death-struggle of papacy commenced. Papacy is a religion, and the necessary characteristic of religious unity is universality. From that time forward power was wanting to catholicism. Every Pope, upon ascending the throne, found the extent of his dominion diminished. It was like a territory whose shores are insensibly consumed by the ocean; a flower which every breath of wind despoils. As if impelled by some powerful hand, by the hand of progressive civilization, princes, peoples, philosophers, sectarians, involuntarily or deliberately, conspired to overthrow the colossus whose head was in the clouds, and whose feet were of clay. To throw off the yoke of Rome was, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the predominant idea of Italian and foreign governments. They considered themselves great and strong every time that they had resisted, and triumphed over the pretensions of Rome.

“Naples refused her tribute, violated prescribed rights, and commissioned writers to dispute the papal rights; and if afterwards the Neapolitan government allowed the men, on whom it had imposed this office, to be persecuted by priests and inquisitors, it was but the habit of tyranny, which avails itself of the instrument, and then destroys it;



but the fruits remained. Joseph II. in Germany, and Leopold in Italy, assailed Papacy with the energy of reform. The priest Ricci, and the synod of Pistioa, encouraged the emancipation. The Jansenists spread themselves everywhere, and endeavoured to recall the ancient religious severity of primitive Christianity. Voltaire published a crusade against Catholic Rome, and supported it, if not with profundity of thought and historical philosophy, yet with an activity and variety of arms which will long remain miraculous. Then the torrent broke forth : broke forth the revolutionary lava which swept from its throne the entire past. Then Napoleon, imprisoning the Pope, dragging him to Paris, threatening him, and transacting *politically* with him, completed the disgrace and abasement of Papacy. Afterwards, the giant having fallen, and political inertia allowing the peaceful studies of philosophy to reappear, spiritualism and eclecticism arose : schools which, without denying the religious sentiment, did not recognize Papacy as an essential element thereto.

“In the entire Catholic world, De Maistre alone remained to the Pope : De Maistre, who made him the victim of a system logically deduced, joining with him the absolute king and the executioner ; catholicism, despotism, and punishment of death the three bases, according to De Maistre, of society ; the three elements, in fact, of the old world, which the new one was destroying. To-day catholicism is extinct ; it is necessary to repeat it, to repeat it to



all, in order that they may direct their efforts to found a new unity.

“Humanity has made a step in advance, and is seeking a new symbol. Attempts at new religions, ridiculous in themselves, yet shew that a void has been created. The few who have arisen to uphold the Catholic banner, endeavouring to associate it with a liberty of their own, betray their utter powerlessness to support it alone : every religion has had apostles, when it was dying ; but their lamentations are over a corpse. They deceived, and still deceive themselves as to the number of their followers because some, the victory secure, may turn back to examine this symbol ; and they do not perceive that it is a poetical feeling towards a grand ruin, not a return of faith, which once extinguished is never renewed. The *Avenir*, has ceased to appear : Lamennais, a man who perhaps would have been a Calvin, had he found Catholicism rooted and secure, is in Rome to behold the idol overthrown and to free himself from an illusion ; the *European Review* languishes ; Châteaubriand is mute, and will remain so. Papacy is extinct ; a worn out form, preserved yet sometime for the veneration of the lovers of antiquity. The Pope, not being able to convince, puts to death. He protects his inviolability by armed ruffians. He defends the vicarship of Christ with Swiss and Austrian bayonets. No other roof now remains to him but the cupola of Saint Peter ; and one day or other the banner of liberty waving



from the temple shall drive him even from that asylum. Rash, futile excommunications only remain to him—old arms, worn out for three ages; and he casts them about at random, like weapons abandoned by a flying man.

“The destruction of the papacy was inevitable in the destinies of humanity, and reveals the action of a social element hitherto neglected, and which threatens to avenge itself; the popular element. Papacy was formerly a power, because it supported itself upon the people. It alone constituted a visible centre of association. It recognized, to a certain degree, the principle of capability, excluding in the earlier times the aristocracy, opening the way to the man of the people, to the serf, to arrive at ecclesiastical dignity. It waged war against feudalism; war against princely power: it opposed the altar to the sceptre. Therefore the people in Italy were principally Guelph; as in the rest of Europe they adhered to the throne, where the kings warred against the predominance of the seignorial element. After the death of Julius II., the last great Pope, when the pontiffs perceived that the people began to feel itself powerful, and to look for the revealer of its doctrines elsewhere than in the Vatican, they leagued themselves with the kings. This unequal alliance, contracted between the Guelph and Ghibelline principles, sworn enemies for ages, is the most convincing proof of the fall of papacy. But without this the destroying worm was already in the idol; the papacy received the germ



of its own destruction, when it assumed and enlarged its temporal dominion. It is necessary for religions to hold themselves supreme in an intellectual and moral sphere. Contact with facts and material phenomena destroys them ; taking away their prestige, and bringing before the multitude the metaphysical principle which shapes them, applied to the thousand cases which admit or call for examination. At the present time, the people is neither Guelph nor Ghibelline, but stands aloof, distrustful of both parties ; abhorring the one, abhorring and despising the other ; invoking the Moses who shall disclose to them the promised land.

“ And yet, papacy still exists ; although worn out and undermined on all sides, it exists, a pretext for the machinations of absolutist governments ; a visible centre for cunning and incapability ; a loathsome symbol, but still keeping the field, and disputing the ground to those who would lay there the foundations of another temple. Whilst it remains, the shadow of the idol will always extend itself, because within that shade Jesuits, priests, and fanatics will shelter themselves to disturb the world : whilst it remains, discord will exist between moral and material society, between right and fact, between the present and the imminent future. And the papacy will exist until new-born Italy shall overthrow the seat on which it slumbers. In Italy, then, is the solution of the European question. To Italy belongs the high office of proclaiming the general emancipation, solemn and accomplished.



And Italy will fulfil the duty entrusted to her by civilization. Then the peoples shall hasten to gather round another principle. Then the south of Europe shall be placed in equilibrium with the north.

“Awakened Italy shall enter into the European family. Ah! how solemn her resurrection! Three times has she awakened, since the fall of pagan Rome closed up the way of ancient civilization, and she became the cradle of the new. The first time a Word went forth from Italy, which substituted an European spiritual unity for the triumph of material force. The second time she diffused over the world the example of civilization in arts and literature. The third time she will destroy with her powerful finger the symbol of the middle age, and will substitute *social* unity for the old *spiritual* unity. *From Rome alone can come for the third time the word of modern unity, because from Rome alone can come the absolute destruction of the old unity.* But—and this is addressed to ourselves—because catholic unity is extinct, because papacy has finished its work, making of itself a mere prince and the servant of princes in an epoch fatal to princes, we must not conclude that religion is extinct, and that henceforward political theories only are to rule humanity. Political theories have now more than ever need of a religious sanction. Without this they must be always uncertain, without a secure foundation, or firm support. The general will is a fitting foundation for governments; but where the general principles which regulate the moral world are not



evidenced in their acts, where they are not reduced to maxims, to recognized laws, there will never be a general will. The discovery of these principles and their inviolability, deduced from an origin superior to the power of the individual, is precisely the task of present civilization. And to this end should the efforts of all minds desirous of establishing the social edifice upon a solid foundation be directed.

“ Religion is eternal. Religion, superior to philosophy,—is the bond that unites men in the communion of a recognized generating principle, and in the consciousness of a common tendency and mission; it is the *word* which shall give to humanity a standard to raise up in the midst of the nations of the earth.

“ Religion is *humanity*.

“ Men have need of unity. Without unity progress is impossible. There may be movement, but it will not be uniform or concentrated. In the beginning there will be disorder; then opposition; finally anarchy. Men cannot remain in a state of anarchy. When they are left to it, when the directing minds do not hasten to extinguish it by the revelation of moral principles, scepticism, materialism, and indifference to every thing but what relates to the individual is introduced into the struggle. Amongst us, the Catholic faith being shaken by the progress of intelligence, and the shafts of ridicule, men's minds turned anxiously to reforms, to any doctrines that promised to substitute a new order of things for the one destroyed. Unfortunately,



tyranny, remaining the mistress, forbad reform ; forbad that new ways should be opened to the people, to gather round something of a positive nature. It followed, then, that men's minds being unsettled, failing to acquire the new word, and having lost the old, either took refuge again in superstition or adopted materialism ; and at the present time, consequently, there is a want of harmony between the multitude and the educated of the nation ; there is mistrust on one side, indifference upon the other. There is indifference, because materialism is not a belief, has no faith, has no consciousness of something better, recognizes no mission—lives in itself, by itself, with itself—looks at facts and neglects principles—is an individual cold and calculating doctrine. With such a doctrine great peoples are not created, because great peoples are those who represent and develope an *idea* in humanity ; and materialism does not produce, but rather excludes every general *idea*, making *self-interest* a law for every thing ; self-interest, which is an uncertain notion, differing in every individual, changeable with years, with circumstances, with the accidents of climate, and with other physical causes. The consequences of this state of things in Italy are most evident to all.

“ There is no movement in literature, in the sciences, in the arts, in philosophy, in law. There is no political movement, save of a reactionary nature.

“ In literature, men well-known by the servility



of their political doctrines, preach liberty of the mind, independence from rules, the emancipation of poetic genius; claiming for themselves the right of conducting the intellect through the ruins of the middle ages, or the ravings of mysticism: whilst men loving liberty and the progressive development of civil government, refuse the same progressive development to literature, restricting it within certain codes, antiquated as Papacy, without perceiving that the human intellect cannot divide itself in two halves, and advance with the one whilst it stands still with the other. History is a collection of facts, and nothing more; an embellishment often a burden to the memory, neither a revealer of wisdom, nor a guide to the future; because where you do not put forward prominently facts of a certain order, where you do not expose them in a manner which reveals an idea, where you do not deduce from facts a moral law, what can a fact teach you to-day which another may not falsify to-morrow? What other tendency can history give you, if not that most fatal tendency to doubt? Philosophy does not exist: we have some observations on facts; some researches concerning the manner by which certain physiological phenomena are produced, but there is no science of causes—there are no primary laws of the intellect. Political movement exists, because where tyranny touches its utmost limits, it necessarily moves the minds of men to hatred and to vengeance, if to nothing else, But enduring constancy in sacrifice, faith in the future and in themselves, and more



particularly unity of symbol, certainty of the same object, the science of means, unweariness in propagandism do not exist among us, or are very rare. There is indignation, grief, individual courage; but there is discouragement, division, suspicion, mistrust of everything and of everybody.

“It is of the most urgent importance to withdraw men’s minds from such a state—and for this there is no hope but in a powerful unity—in one faith—in one bond—in one common hope.

“Do you desire to give life and movement to literature, to the arts, and to science? Harmonise them together: point out the intimate connexion which runs through all, and give to all a common tendency.

“Do you desire that intellect should advance?—Let it start from the same point: do not enchain one of its faculties whilst you emancipate another. Inspire it with one grand and single conception which will render it fruitful, give it a direction, and trust it to itself.

“Do you desire that your citizens should become free? Begin by giving them a lofty sense of their own dignity, of their own inviolability, of their own power. Do not lower the conception of liberty to them, but raise them to it: convert it into a mission, and create them its apostles: say to them that there is a moral law superior to them, which binds them all, in one bond, to the execution of a great purpose; to the sacrifice, if necessary, of the individual to society.

“Find, in short, a unity—and prefix it to reform,



and to all the efforts towards it. Present yourselves to the nation with a table of duties, and of rights.

“Proclaim in words that the multitudes will understand, the moral *principles* which should preside over their regeneration.

“Religion is the sanction of those rights, of those duties, of those *principles*.

“Papacy is extinct ; but religion is eternal : papacy is only a form, a form rendered antiquated and worn out by the *idea* that has undergone a development, and which seeks to manifest itself.

“Catholicism is extinct ; but you who watch over its bier, remember that Catholicism is only a sect, an erroneous application, the *materialism* of Christianity. Remember that Christianity is a revelation and a predication of principles, of the relations of man with that which is beyond himself, unknown to Paganism. Remember that those principles are the same that are inscribed upon the banners of the lovers of liberty. Remember that it is not men, but the age, circumstances, progress, and the manifestation of some new principle, that change religions ; and that whoever attempts to substitute himself for the age and for those causes, is guilty of a foolish and fatal mistake. Remember in short, that a religious principle has always presided over two-thirds of the revolutions of single peoples, and over all the great revolutions of humanity ; and that to desire to abolish it where you have no other to substitute, where there is neither education, nor any profound conviction of general duties, nor



a uniform conscience, nor the habit of high social virtue, is the same thing as to create a void, to open an abyss, which you will perhaps be the first to fill.

“Perhaps in religion as in politics, the age of the *symbol* is rapidly passing away, and a solemn manifestation may be near of the idea as yet hidden in that symbol. Perhaps the discovery of a new relation, that of the individual to humanity, may lay the foundation of a new religious bond; as the relation of the individual with nature was the soul of Paganism; as the relation of the individual with God has been the soul of actual Christianity. But whatever may be in store for the future, whatever new revelation of our destinies awaits us, it behoves us meanwhile not to forget that Christianity was the first to put forward the word *equality*, parent of liberty—that it was the first to deduce the rights of man from the inviolability of his nature—that it was the first to open a path to the relationship of the *individual* with *humanity*, containing in its doctrine of human *brotherhood* the germ of a principle, of a law of *association*.”

To these thoughts written in 1832, succeeding years, and especially the two last, have added a solemn confirmation. A Pope arose, by his tendencies, his progressive instincts and his love of popularity, an exception to the Popes of later times; to whom Providence, as if to teach mankind the



absolute powerlessness of the institution, opened, in the love and in the illusions of the people, the path to a new life. So great is the fascination exercised by great memories—so great is the power of ancient customs—so feverish, in these multitudes who are said to be agitated by the breath of anarchy, is the desire for authority as the guide and sanction of their progress, that a word of pardon and tolerance from the Pope's lips sufficed to gather round him, in an enthusiasm and intoxication of affection, friends and enemies, believers and unbelievers, the ignorant and the men of thought. One long cry, the cry of millions ready to make themselves martyrs or conquerors at his nod, saluted him as their father and benefactor, the regenerator of the Catholic faith and of humanity. The experience of three ages, and the inexorable logic of ideas, were at once forgotten; writers powerful by their intellect and doctrines, until then dreaded as adversaries, employed themselves in founding around that *One* man systems destined to prepare for him the way to a splendid initiative. The many advocates of liberty of conscience, weary of the spectacle of anarchy revealed by the Protestant sects, remained in doubt. The few believers in the future church remained silent and thoughtful. It might be that history had decided too rashly, it might be amongst the secrets of Providence that an institution, which had for ten centuries at least given life and movement to Europe, should rise again, reconciled with the life and movement of humanity, from its own tomb.



The minds of the whole civilized world hung, troubled and excited, upon the *word* which was to issue from the Vatican.

And where now is Pius IX?

In the camp of the enemy: irrevocably disjoined from the progressive destinies of humanity; irrevocably adverse to the desires, to the aspirations which agitate his people and the people of believers. The experiment is complete. The abyss between Papacy and the world is hollowed out. No earthly power can fill it up.

Impelled by the impulses of his heart to seek for popularity and affection, but drawn on by the all-powerful logic of the principle that he represents, to the severity of absolute dictatorship; seduced by the universal movement of men's minds, by living examples in other countries, by the spirit of the age, to feel, to understand the sacred words of progress, of people, of free brotherhood, but incapable of making himself their interpreter; fearful of the consequences, and trembling like one who feels himself insecure, lest he should see the people, raised to a new consciousness of its own faculties and of its own rights, question the authority of the pontificate—Pius IX. vacillated contemptibly between the two paths presented to him, muttered words of emancipation, which he neither knew how nor intended to make good, and promises of country and independence to Italy which his followers betrayed by conspiring with Austria. Then, struck



with sudden terror, he fled before the multitudes who cried aloud to him *courage* ; he sheltered himself under the protection of a Prince whom he despised—the executioner of his subjects ; he imbibed his tendencies, and in order to revenge himself for the quiet with which Rome, provoked in vain to a civil war, was organizing a new government, he solicited foreign aid ; and he, who had, from a horror of bloodshed, shortly before endeavoured to withdraw Roman assistance from the Lombard struggle, agreed that French, Austrian, Neapolitan, and Spanish bayonets should rebuild his throne. He now wanders amidst the fallacies of secret protocols, the servant of his protectors, the servant of all except of duty and of the wish of those who hoped in him, turning to the frontiers of Rome and yet not expecting to re-enter there, and as if kept back by the phantoms of the slain. The Louis XVI. of Papacy, he has destroyed it for ever. The cannon ball of his allies discharged against the Vatican, gave the last blow to the institution.

Whilst these things were happening, a Prince was pursuing in the north of our peninsula a similar course, accompanied by the same hopes, by the same illusions and delusions of the peoples. He was saluted by the title of the *Sword of Italy*. The choicest spirits from all parts pointed out to him Austria and the Alps, and suspended, in order to make the last trial of monarchy, the propagandism of their most cherished ideas. He was preceded by the



encouragement of all Europe, and followed by a numerous and valiant army. Where died Charles Albert?

Thus has Providence shewn to our people, desirous of the right, but lukewarm in faith and too credulous in the illusions of the old world, the powerlessness of monarchy to ensure the safety of Italy, and the irreconcilability of papacy with the free progress of humanity. The dualism of the middle ages is henceforward a mere form without life or soul: the Guelph and Ghibelline insignia are now those of the tomb. Neither Pope, nor King! God and the people only shall henceforth disclose to us the regions of the future.

The Spirit of God descends now upon the multitudes: individuals privileged in intellect and heart, collect, eliminate, and express the results of popular inspiration—hence their power of initiation; they do not create or destroy. To the dogma of absolute immutable authority concentrated in an individual, or in a determined power, is being substituted that of the progressive authority of the people, the collective and lasting interpreter of the law of God.

And this principle saluted by the people as the highest power in the sphere of political life, by the name of CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY, will have its inevitable application in the sphere of religious life; and this application will be named the COUNCIL.

Life is single. You cannot so arrange its different manifestations that they can remain independent, or find contradictory expressions, without



introducing anarchy. You cannot say to the people, *thou art half free and half enslaved; social life is thine, religious life belongs to others*. You cannot dismember the soul. Liberty is the gift of God, who rules over, blesses, and renders fruitful all the faculties of man, his creature.

And the Pope knows it; he knows he can only reign in Rome as a despot. The political concessions that he will make will be *de facto* only, not *de jure*; and his creatures will withdraw them the day after. Who thinks differently deceives himself. Governments often hasten their fate by suicide; but ever unconsciously.

And we know it well. Upon Pope and upon King, by the slow but inevitable providential education of the human race, and in the name of the inviolability of mind, weighs an equal condemnation.

The question between the temporal and spiritual power is misunderstood by many; and it is important to reduce it to its true signification. If it meant anything but a protest against the principle of absolute authority represented by the Pope, if it desired to furnish a *positive* organic foundation to society—it would tend to withdraw the earth and man from religion.

Religion and politics are inseparable. Without religion political science can only create despotism or anarchy. We desire neither the one nor the other. For us, life is an educational problem, society the medium of developing it, and of reducing it to action. Religion is the highest educational



principle ; politics are the application of that principle to the various manifestations of human existence. The *ideal* remains in God : society should be so arranged as to approach to it as nearly as it is possible upon earth. Worshippers all of God, we should seek to conform our acts to his law. Thought is the spirit ; its translation into action, into visible external works, is the *social fact*. To pretend then to separate entirely, and for ever, earthly things from those of heaven, the temporal from the spiritual, is neither moral, logical, or possible. But when the power representing a religious principle no longer possesses or inspires faith—when, by ages of error, and by the progress of the people, all living communion has ceased between that power and humanity — when it has no longer in itself any *initiative* power, but only the strength of *resistance*, the first form assumed by dissent is that of protest and of separation. Society, before decreeing the final condemnation of that power, and of the principle upon which it is supported, separates it from its own movement, isolating it in a sphere of inaction, where opinion can judge it fearlessly and dispassionately. Then is raised the cry that calls for the separation of the temporal from the spiritual ; and that cry for those who understand the secret instincts of the people, means :—

“ Your mission is fulfilled ; withdraw. Our life, our progress spring no longer from you. The principle which you represent is not ours. We no longer believe in you. In our hearts, a purer, a more



embracing, a more efficacious religious conception is fermenting, which is not yours. And since you either will not or cannot accept it, remain alone. A solemn memorial of the past which will never return, you are now no more but an idol, a form without life or soul. God and religion remain with us; with us who feel ourselves better than you, and more capable of guiding ourselves through the paths of our earthly country, which should be for us a step towards heaven, a field for exertion in the mission of the fraternal education of humanity."

And when, conscious or unconscious of its own mission, the Roman Assembly, raising in front of the Vatican the symbol of popular majesty, and writing thereupon the new formula of the religious bond to believers, the sacred words, *God and the people*,—declared that the temporal power of the Pope had fallen, by right and in fact, that decree proclaimed:—

"Society exiles you, O Pope, from its bosom. Between us, by virtue of your proved impotence, ceases all communion of affection, of works, of aspiration. You ought to have guided us: but whilst our souls, irradiated with new light, foresee a vaster *ideal*, and our brows sweat blood in clearing the obstacles in our way, you, trembling, dazzled, murmur forth to humanity, old formulas of the middle ages from which all virtue was extracted ages ago; old doctrines of blind resignation to evils that we can overcome, and which the Christian's prayer invites us to conquer—imploring that *thy*



*kingdom come on earth, as it is in heaven.* What progress have we accomplished through you, for many ages? What victims have you taught us to save? To what classes of sufferers, in mind or in body, have we, through your agency, extended a brother's hand, and said, *sit with us at the table of equals: rejoice with us in the communion of souls, because for thee also Christ has given his blood?* A people arose in the name of the *Cross* against the oppression of the *Crescent*, and whilst men, considered by you as unbelievers, ran from all parts, rebaptised to the faith in hope to conquer or die for that sign, you found not for that people a single word of comfort or benediction! Another people, dear to the church for its faith, and for the long and bloody sacrifices which it has made for her sake, raised in the name of its violated temples, of its destroyed liberties, of its abolished traditions, that national standard, which once arrested the invading Mahometan under the walls of Vienna, and you blessed its executioner! And we, thrilling with the lofty idea of love, of equality, of liberty, we arose saying: *We will make of Italy an altar upon which with joined hands we will pronounce the third word of life for humanity;* and we exclaimed:—"Father, bless and guide us; but you, lost to all understanding of the mission of humanity and of the providential scheme, by a prostitution for ages with the princes of the earth, distrustful of yourself, of us, of the world, and of Providence itself, stopped short, terrified. You could do nothing but lament and



curse. The energy of faith, the power of sacrifice ; the word that consoles and animates, are no longer yours. Our followers die for their faith, you for yours—flee.”

The belief in absolute authority embodied, by the election of the few, or by the chance of birth, in an individual, is for ever extinguished in Europe. Belief in Papacy is then extinct. The revolt of the human mind against *divine right* applied to princely power, inevitably ascends to the Pope, who protects those principles by his word and by his consecration. Papacy, like monarchy, is a corpse. The corruption which is generated around both institutions is only the consequence of their internal decay.

National sovereignty is the remedy universally accepted for preserving society from the total absence of authority, from anarchy. The sovereignty of the church—and by the church we understand the people of believers—must preserve society from the absence of all religious principle and authority.

*Constituent Assembly and Council*: these are the prince and the pope of the future. Those mistaken men who persist in upholding monarchy by sophisms, expedients and false doctrines, will not save it: they condemn society for a few more years to civil war, amidst illusions, delusions, conspiracies, and violent reaction. Those mistaken men who persist in upholding Papacy by sophisms, expedients, and false doctrines, will not save it:



they condemn society to many more years of immorality, doubt, and materialism.

Bury the dead; join hands in loving act and thought, and go forward. God created us for life; and do you fear that he will not reveal himself to his creatures, when, assembled to interrogate themselves upon their own beliefs, and to study the ways of the future, they invoke his aid.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.



ON THE ENCYCLICA OF POPE PIUS IX.\* —  
THOUGHTS ADDRESSED TO THE PRIESTS OF  
ITALY.

I.

THE word of Pius IX. does not go forth from ROME. It would seem that he felt the impossibility of pronouncing his anathema upon liberty, his condemnation of the education of the human race, which is the continued tradition of the law and life of God upon earth, from the initiating city of two great epochs of progress to humanity ; from the city of eternal traditions, and of love. And this word, written by the side of the worst of the kings of Italy, is the word of a man who trembles and curses. The divorce between the world and him, between the people of believers, which is the true church, and the aristocracy which usurps its name, stands out in every syllable. Papacy has for many years lost the power to love or bless. It is now two years since Pius IX., moved by the grand spectacle of the resurrection of a people, pronounced a blessing upon Italy ; and that expression of love sounded so new and strange from the lips of a Pope, that all Europe imagined they saw a second era for Papacy, and pressed round the man who had pronounced the word, in an intoxication of enthusiasm, unknown in the history of later times. To-day, the *amende* is

\* Given at Portici, December 8th, 1849.



paid to monarchy. By the anger of an offended prince, and of a pontiff whose tiara is endangered, by the aversion to every popular movement which it displays, by its ready calumnies against reformers, and by its impotent quarrels with the press, the Encyclica of December 8th resembles that of August 15th, 1832, signed Gregory XVI. Restored, "*by the arms of the Catholic Powers*," to the lordship of the Roman States, Pius IX. acquits himself towards them, by intimating in the church's name, war to the peoples, to those who desire to ameliorate their fate, to the press which enlightens them, to *socialism* and *communism* which he confounds in one, although the first philosophically contradicts the second. The Encyclica is an act, not of *Religious Initiative*, but of *Political Resistance* : resistance as evidently dictated by the influence of foreign princes, as the words *communism* and *socialism*, which so frequently recur in it, are really unknown to the masses in Italy, and have never been invoked by the men of the national party.

Pass by the indignities dealt out by the Encyclica against men whose opinions the Pope approved and encouraged two years ago; pass by the accusations of irreligion and of protestantism cast with evident bad faith, against writers who have in all their works combatted the materialism of the 18th century, against soldiers who have fought the battles of their country with the cross upon their breasts, and the name of Pius IX. upon their lips ;—pass by the paltry accusations of ferocity, of pillage, of spoliation against



chiefs who held power for many months without pronouncing a single sentence of death, and who resumed their life of exile poorer than before ;—and pass by the cowardly inexplicable insult which shame forbids us to repeat, against the noblest of Italian women, the sisters of charity of new-born Italy, uttered by him who declares, with impudent falsehood, that the priests were sent away from the bedsides of our wounded, whilst, but yesterday, immediately after the entrance of the French in Rome, he himself condemned to an imprisonment, which still endures, those very priests, as guilty of having assisted these pious women in their sacred work, and of having blessed in the hospitals the martyrs of liberty. The base falsehoods of bought journalists sound too sadly from the lips of him who represents an institution for many ages great and powerful, for us to condescend to refute them. What is important for the world in this document is, a theory of authority, and a doctrine upon the evils of poverty and ignorance which afflict the great part of the people in Italy and elsewhere. Both of them deny God, the word of Christ and Humanity.

## II.

Be not deceived, The words *communism* and *socialism*, against which all the papal indignation seems directed, only represent in the Encyclica an oratorical artifice, to conciliate the timid and badly informed, to whom those words are synonymous with anarchy, arbitrary division of the soil, abolition of property



and worse; they stand in place of the scape-goats upon which were heaped all the iniquities of Israel. But Israel is the revolutionary party without exception, the National party, which says to the Italians: *You are not a people born to be slaves of the crozier or the Austrian bâton; you are twenty-six millions of men created free, equal, brothers, sons of God, and servants only to his law.* GOD AND THE PEOPLE is the formula against which the Encyclica is directed. The Pope knows, or ought to know, that communism, unknown in Italy, and opposed by most Republicans, is considered by us as an anti-progressive idea, hostile to human liberty, and practically impossible — that *socialism*, an aspiration rather than a system, only means a desire to substitute progressive association, which is the logical consequence of the brotherhood taught by Christ, for the unbridled anarchy of individual rights and privileges which now clash with one another; he knows, or ought to know, that the source of every movement in Italy is the necessity universally felt of becoming a NATION, a nation free and great, conscious of the duties which bind it to the human family, and capable of fulfilling them. Although he dares not openly attack the Italian symbol, and evokes phantoms which concern not us, in order to combat it more advantageously, his aversion to all change, to all popular progress, to every emancipating tendency, is not the less evident. He reproaches the promoters of these changes “with deluding the working-people and the men of the lower classes



with hopes of a happier fate;" he fears that the people "stupified by vice and long license" may easily fall into the snare; he recommends the bishops to preach that "by an immutable law of nature some must be superior to others, not only in gifts of mind and body, but also in those of riches," he charitably menaces eternal punishment to those unfortunates who allow themselves to be seduced by our promises; and finally, he puts forth a theory on the inevitable necessity of poverty, founded partly upon the formulas of Guizot and the doctrinaires of France, partly upon isolated texts from the gospel, perverted or misunderstood.

The theory is this:—

"The poor exist through causes which neither can nor ought to be changed. But the Catholic religion preaches charity to the rich, which will obtain for them treasures of grace and eternal rewards from God. The poor may thank Providence that it opens to them, provided only that they peacefully and cheerfully submit to their misery, an easier path to heaven; where alone the equitable judgment of God will be accomplished for them."

And to this theory is joined another upon authority. "All authority comes from God. Every government *de facto* is government *de jure*. Obey then, or if you resist, be damned."

In other words, and summing up the two theories in one, earth and heaven constitute a perpetual antagonism. Right, equity, truth, reign in heaven; fact, force, inevitable evil, upon earth. Two races



of men exist: the race of the rich and powerful, the race of the poor and enslaved. The poor exist for the benefit of the rich, in order that the latter may the more easily win heaven, by exercising the virtue of charity—slaves in order that their masters may govern in the spirit of mercy and love. Where they do not so God will bestow punishments and compensations in heaven. But every effort to ameliorate the earthly condition of the poor and enslaved race, is a sin. This is the religious doctrine taught by the church of the Pope to humanity, in the nineteenth century. And it teaches it in the name of the gospel of Christ, and by the side of these words: “THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN,” contained in the only prayer which Jesus taught to believers; by the side of this command: “THOU SHALT WORSHIP THE LORD THY GOD, AND HIM ONLY SHALT THOU SERVE;”\* by the side of this prophetic aspiration, “THAT ALL MAY BE ONE; AS THOU, FATHER, ART IN ME, AND I IN THEE.”†

### III.

No; it is not true that there exists antagonism or separation between heaven and earth. No; it is not true, that whilst truth and the justice of God reign in heaven, submission to fact, reverence to brute-force is the terrestrial law. No; it is not true that the salvation of the human creature is accomplished here below, as in a place of expiation, by

\* Matthew iv. 10.

† John xvii. 21.



virtue of resignation and indifference. The earth is of God. The earth upon which Jesus, and after him, the holy martyrs of humanity, have shed their tears and blood, is the altar upon which we ought to offer sacrifice to God;—the soul is the priest, and our works are the incense which rises to heaven and propitiates our heavenly Father. The earth is a ladder to heaven, and in order that we may be worthy to mount it, our whole life should be a hymn to God. The only place given to us for bearing testimony to our faith, the only arena of trial granted to the free creature wherein to furnish the materials for God's judgment, this earth ought, by our efforts, to be transformed, ameliorated, and purified; and as we are made in the image of God it should be rendered more and more the image of the *kingdom of heaven*, of the *ideal* which God has given us, which Jesus foretold to us; and of the splendour of which our conscience, from epoch to epoch, gains a glimpse. The law is one; and humanity ought to fulfil each syllable of it. The soul's salvation, the progress through the infinite of the individual being, the development of the principle of life that God has placed in each of us, depends upon our activity, upon our struggles, upon the sacrifices cheerfully made, in order that the law may be fulfilled, upon earth. God in judging us will not ask, "What hast thou done for thy soul?"—but, "What hast thou done for the souls of others, for the sister souls which I have given thee?" For those who admit the *unity* of God, and the consequent unity of the human



family, it is one of the truths of faith that we are all pledges for one another. We cannot abandon our companions in life to the woes of ignorance and servitude, without being condemned as traitors to the law, to our mission, to the souls confided to our care. The curse of Cain is upon him who does not feel himself the guardian of his brother. We ought to elevate ourselves, by elevating our brothers, to purify ourselves, by disclosing to them the way to eternal truth and beauty. Every good thought and desire that we do not endeavour, come what may, to translate into action, is a sin. The thoughts of God manifest themselves in his works; and we should imitate him from afar.

It is not true that two races exist upon earth, that the human family must be fatally divided into two; that the poverty of some is necessary to the salvation of others, that the master finds, as it were, his complement in the slave. Before God there are neither masters, nor servants, neither rich nor poor, neither patricians nor plebeians. And that which is not good before God, cannot be good before men. We are all free because we are all accountable for our works, because we are all capable of progress and born to labour. Every inequality which destroys our liberty, fetters our capability of progress, enthrones idleness, or degrades or tyrannises over labour, is not of God; it is of evil; and God only tolerates evil upon earth in order that, by combating it, we may find favour in his eyes. We shall not be able absolutely to destroy it here below, because



the *human* being must be perfected, and his complete development accomplished elsewhere ; but we must wage eternal war against it, to *diminish* continually its dominion. The opposite faith, under whatever name disguised, is a Manichæan faith. Fatal inequalities of condition and of classes do not exist in nature ; and whoever, let him be pope or who he may, sustains the contrary proposition, denies God, Christ, and Human Unity, to bow before that barbarous and peculiar doctrine of original sin, which was transmitted from the Indian faith to the last times of Paganism, and thence to some of the catholic divines of the thirteenth century. Inequalities having their source in social forms, exist in fact in the very elements wherein the life of the individual is developed ; and we ought to labour to change these forms, to transform that element, which is susceptible of eternal modification, in the name of God, in the name of the war against evil, sin, and its consequences commanded by him. The physical world, the workshop of humanity, was not given to the few — it was given to labour. Material instruments, neither good nor bad in themselves, but instruments of good or evil according to the individual or collective end to which they are directed, belong to all those who work ; and they will be more and more beneficially and *religiously* distributed, in proportion as the increasing education of the human race will teach the many how best to apply them to good. Nor will the law be humanly fulfilled whilst a single *poor man*, deprived of work and of the fruits



due to labour, and abandoned to the alms of the rich, gives the lie to the tradition of the gift of the earth made by God to humanity in the person of the first Adam, and to that idea of fraternal *communion* contained in the daily repeated words of our religion, "*in order that we may be all one.*"

And it is not true that *every* power comes from God; it is not true that every *fact* brings with it a *right*; it is not true that we owe submission and passive obedience to a government, whatever it may be. In the name of the inviolability of our immortal souls, the offspring of God, we pronounce this doctrine to be false, immoral and atheistical; and that whoever professes it is an apostate from every true faith. The sovereign power is in God alone; and the sign of legitimate power upon earth is to be sought for in the interpretation of his law. Its born interpreters are those men who are superior to others by their genius and virtue, by their spirit of love and of self-sacrifice. The best judge of their labours is the people. Three times holy is God; but the idol, the image, is not holy. Holy is *authority*; but the phantom of authority is not holy. Holy is the church; but not an imposture which calls itself a church. The thesis of Gregory VII. is true—the application was false. Power is one: the law of the Spirit—religion, governs from on high; its interpreters, the temporal powers, reduce it to action. But the law of the spirit promotes, embraces, and directs all the manifestations of human progress. Where that power ceases to initiate and guide,



there is no religion, but the mask of religion; and to Gregory VII., who substituted the *sign* of an epoch to the *idea*, and constituted not the best interpreter as pope, but the pope, whoever he might be as interpreter of the law; humanity now replies, GOD IS GOD, AND THE PEOPLE IS HIS PROPHET. God shines at the summit of the social pyramid; the people studies, receives, and interprets his will at the base. Wherever founded upon other principles, power unconsciously or deliberately violates the divine law of love, of liberty, of equality, of fraternal association, of general education—there is evil, and it must be combatted. And whoever neglects to do so, through egotism or inertia, is guilty. Who serves evil, abandons the cause of God, the ONLY LORD. And who is not for him is against him.

Religion is the supporter and teacher of these principles, or it is not religion. A powerless bond, *a dead letter*, and not an initiator of life, corpse-like it lies, repudiated by the conscience of the people, and reduced to strengthen itself by *foreign arms*, not by the power of martyrdom or of the word.

#### IV.

And the martyrdom and word of Christ are not in opposition to our principles. Has not Jesus told us that we are all brothers and children of God? Did not he come to destroy castes and the inequalities of nature admitted by Paganism? Did he not say that he died to rescue, to emancipate us from the consequences of the first sin? Did he



not teach us that we ought to form on earth one holy unity in God and in love? Did he not announce that the human family should form but one flock, and should have but one shepherd, the interpreted law of God? Did he not sanction the principle of transmission according to the *spirit*, according to works, as opposed to that of transmission according to the flesh, according to the privilege of caste and of birth? Did he not enjoin upon us that, in the brotherly emulation in good works to which he exhorted his followers, he only should be deemed the first amongst us who knew how to be the last, and how best to devote himself to the common work with an ardent and self-sacrificing zeal? Does not every syllable of the gospel breathe that spirit of liberty, of equality, of war to evil, to injustice and to falsehood, which informs our zeal?

Liberty and equality in heaven, but not, you say, on earth. No; this absurd distinction is not in the gospel; and believers were not taught to despise this earth, until the Church gave itself to Cæsar, until its visible head, then himself made a prince, became so enamoured of the earth as to desire the possession of a portion of it, even at the price of the blood of his brethren. Earth and heaven are continually brought together in the sacred volume, and the earth is always looked upon there as a place, not of expiation, but of preparation for heaven—as a battle-field for the education of humanity against the powers of evil and egotism which enslave and mislead it. Let us leave the discussion of a few



isolated passages, misunderstood because taken separately. There is the "*Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*," (My kingdom is not of this world) ; but we know that the expression was incorrectly translated in the vulgate or Latin version of the scriptures, and that the text, decisive in our favour, says : *Regnum meum non est NUNC de hoc mundo*, (My kingdom is not *now* of this world). There is also the text : "*Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's* ; a passage which is not a doctrinal one nor containing any rule for the future, but in which Jesus by a simple exposition of a fact *then* existing, and which could only be changed by his martyrdom, by the fulfilment of his mission,\* avoided the snare which the Pharisees had laid for him. But the whole, the spirit of the gospel, and the life of Jesus bear witness in favour of our doctrine. The miracles agree with the teaching, in destroying the antagonism between the things of the earth and those of heaven. Jesus heals souls and bodies ; he prays to God for the *daily bread* of his brethren, as he asks for the virtues of the soul ; he teaches equality, love, unity in brotherhood ; and he enjoins his disciples to act conformably to this instruction, and to

\* "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—*John* xii. 23, 24.

"Now is the judgment of this world : now shall the prince of this *world* be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—*John* xii. 31, 32.



spread the law of heaven over all the earth. He announced to the apostles earthly persecutions, and heavenly triumphs for the few who fell victims to their zeal ; but he promises earthly triumphs to the many who shall see fructify around them the seed of martyrdom. “ *Blessed are they that mourn,*” he says in the sermon on the mount,\* “ *for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*” Combat, work, and transform the earth ; make it yours ; but if persecution meets you half way, and prevents you from seeing the fulfilment of your mission, console yourselves : they may rob you of earth, but not of heaven. The whole of this sublime discourse inculcates upon believers the necessity of an active devotion in seeking to embody faith upon the earth and in the earth, and in combating the inertia and cowardice which might invade their souls. “ *Ye are the light of the world, a city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick ; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets : I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall*

\* Matthew v. 4, 5, 10.



*in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.\* And he adds at the end, as if fearing not to be understood, "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand.†*

And Jesus having come down from the mount, exemplified the thought which he had developed in the sermon, by healing the sick man afflicted with leprosy.

*"Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."‡*

The whole doctrine of the gospel is summed up in this text; the superiority of mind over matter, of the *idea* over the *fact*, of belief over temporal authority, the search after moral perfection over that of material good. And this also is our doctrine, God first, then the people, and the people interpreter of God's law. Material wealth, as we have said, is an instrument of good, if it is applied to the advantage of all—an instrument of evil, if applied to an egotistical end; it ought to be distributed according to the works and the moral education of men.

And in order to organize this predominance of mind over matter, of the idea over the form—in

\* Matthew v. 14—18.

† Matthew vii. 16, 19, 21, 26.

‡ Matthew vi. 33.



order to furnish a governing principle for the education of men, Jesus sanctioned a theory of authority, founded upon works and not upon privilege; a theory that disavows the abject doctrine of absolute submission taught by the Pope, and gives believers a rule for judging whether an authority be legitimate or not, whether it be derived from God or violates his law.

*"Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them"—this is the exposition of the fact; now follows the right: "But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; And whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant: Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."\**

Such is the law of Christ; and to the Pope, who has forgotten it, we recall this warning: *"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."*† Let the lukewarm who know this law, but who from idleness or love of the semblance of peace dare not profess it, remember this declaration: *"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."*‡

\* Matthew xx. 25-28. The first verse is even more explicit in the Gospel of St. Mark: *"Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles."*—Mark x. 42.

† Matthew x. 33.

‡ Idem 34-37.



And the apostles of him, who when near death, said : “ *I have overcome the world ;*” \* and who, having risen, declared : “ *All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth,*” † understood their mission. In joining together in their preachings the body and the spirit — “ *Glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God’s.*” ‡ — in declaring that the work of transformation committed to them embraced both heaven and earth, they boldly called upon believers to combat any authority that should oppose itself to the fulfilment of the law. And after saying that the mystery of the divine will was, “ *that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth ;*” § — after having pronounced these sublime words : “ *There is one body and one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all ;*” || — the Apostle Paul breaks forth into a holy hymn of war against the powerful, and of encouragement to the militant church, which sound like a bitter reproach to our degenerate priests : — “ *Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness*

\* John xvi. 33.      † Matt. xxviii. 18.      ‡ 1 Cor. vi. 20.

§ Eph. i. 10.

|| Idem iv. 4-6.



*in high places. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; Above all, taking the shield of faith. . . . . and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.”\**

“*Although,*” says Pius in the Encyclica, “*the arms of nations have restored Rome unto me,—although the tumults of war (the battles of independence!) have disappeared even in the other parts of Italy, the wicked ones desist not!*” Desist! No, never. In the name of Jesus and of St. Paul, in the name of all combatants in the cause of truth and justice, we will persist. May remorse and shame haunt him who fails through fear of poverty, through deceptions or persecutions. Ours is the cause of God. The walls and stones of Rome may, through the power of foreign arms, be yours for a time, but the soul of Rome is with us. The thought of Rome is ours. The holy ark of our faith, and seed of a certain future, we bear it with us and preserve it intact in exile, as the first Christians bore with them the thought of Jesus now betrayed by you, into the silence of catacombs and prisons. But it shall shine again from Rome over the world, crowned with the light of a victory, which cannot long be disputed either by your Encyclicas, or by the profane arms which you have invoked.

Religion is no longer in your camp; she is in ours.

\* Eph. vi. 10, *et seq.*



Through you, through the hopeless war that you raise up against the thought of God, and through the culpable inertia of men who call themselves priests without fulfilling a single duty of their calling, the world given up to the darkness of doubt and hatred, is now led astray by false systems; more powerful, however, than your word, because they point dimly to the future, whilst you are endeavouring to bind humanity, impelled onward by the Divine breath, to the corpse of a past extinct for ever.

### V.

Priests of Italy, our words are grave. As you value the salvation of the world, and your faith, give ear unto us. We could—one of yourselves has confessed it,\* and may it be a proof of the spirit in which we address you—conquer without you; but we do not wish: Are you not our brothers? Are you not born, you also, on this Italian soil that we are endeavouring to sanctify in love and faith? Are you not sons of this people, now filled with anger and mistrust, and that we would fain unite in a single family? We attempt no arts of seduction or terror with you; we do not persecute our adversaries with calumnies; we do not exhort you to refrain from reading their books, or from listening to their discourses. We ask from you but one thing: listen also to us. Or better still, hearken to the voice of humanity which God has confided to your care: between humanity and the Pope place the

\* The Father Ventura.



opened gospel ; then, freed from hatred and blind submission, examine your consciences and judge. Our appeal to you is truthful : men, and prone to err, we may sin through ignorance ; but not through hypocrisy. We have the boldness of truth : the Pope knows this, and for this he fears us. He who addresses you in the name of his brothers, can say to you : *Examine my life—you will not be able to find therein a single act which contradicts the faith I inculcate : examine all that I have written during the last twenty years ; you will not be able to find therein a single line breathing irreligion or materialism.* As the interpreter of many of my brethren, I declared from the time that my mind opened to the Italian thought, that a separation had long existed between the religious and the political idea, between the church and humanity ;—that this separation was fatal ; that without a faith no good thing was possible—neither a society of brethren, nor a true and peaceful liberty, nor a country, nor any efficacious transformation of the corrupt element in which we live ;—that it was necessary at every cost to reunite earth to heaven, our earthly life to the conception of eternal life, man to God, his father and teacher. And now I add, that the hour is at hand, that the time is ripe, that materialism is conquered, that the want of religious life is universally felt, and that through you alone, through your obstinacy in upholding a falling edifice, in supporting the church, though adverse to the inevitable progress of humanity, men are living in doubt, religion is exiled



from their souls, and in spite of all we can do, times of discord and works of blood are being prepared, for which you will be responsible before God and men.

In the name of God, and for the love of our country, we ask you : Are you Christians ? Do you comprehend the gospel ? Do you regard the word of Jesus as a dead letter, or do you worship its spirit ? Between the spirit of the gospel and the word of the Pope, are you obstinately resolved upon choosing the latter, without examination, without an appeal to your consciences ? Are you believers or idolaters ?

In the first lines of the gospel, the Evil Spirit offers Jesus dominion over the kingdoms and principalities of the earth, provided that he will serve him and betray his mission : Jesus, despising him, refuses. When you see the heads of your hierarchy leaguings with princes, cursing the people for them, and shedding its blood in order to preserve for themselves a portion of Italian land, does that page of the gospel never recur to your minds ? In another page, Jesus, the gentlest, meekest, and most loving spirit that has descended upon earth, armed himself with a scourge, and, in the impulse of holy indignation, chased the traffickers from the temple. Do you never think of that page, my brothers ? Is the temple now free from buyers and sellers ? The Pharisees—the sectaries of the dead letter,—have they all disappeared ? Does the word of God shine pure and life-giving, as when it was spoken by Jesus ?



## VI.

Priests of Christ, look around.

Why thrills the earth? Whence this cry of struggling nations, that no force can reduce to peace and silence? For how many days, since how many months, has that agitation given irrefutable proof of new wants, of new events. For more than sixty years, and it is yet increasing. Can you point to us a hearth, a central point whence this agitation commences? It breaks forth everywhere, without any fixed centre, in distant lands, amongst peoples separated by race and habits, in Italy, in France, amongst the Slavonians, at Pesth, at Vienna, from the extremity of Sicily to St. Petersburg: not a month passes without a movement, without an attempt at insurrection, not a day without intelligence from one part of Europe or another of a danger, or of a persecution. How many times has this agitation been repressed? Ten, twenty, fifty times: all the armies, the whole strength of old Europe, all the arts of diplomacy have leagued together to extinguish it, and have appeared to do so: then, after a short time, it rises again more powerful than before. How many amongst the agitators have perished. They are not to be counted. In every land they have fallen by hundreds upon the scaffold, by the axe; by thousands upon the field of battle; by thousands from want and hunger in exile. How died they? Almost all with a smile upon their lips, with proud disdain upon their brows, with the calm serenity



which is given by the consciousness of a mission accomplished ; as martyrs die.

And you call this uprising of the peoples an *emeute*? Can you believe that it is the work of a few factious individuals? I say to you that it is the uprising of humanity, impelled by the touch of God's finger, prognosticating a new epoch—a providential epoch—before which you ought reverently to bow the head, and ask the Father of men to enlighten you upon his designs, upon the new destinies that he is maturing for his sons, upon the character of the new transformation that he is preparing for the human race.

And what is the cry of the peoples excited to insurrection? Country, Liberty, Nation, Equality, God and the People, Progress, Fraternal Association, Alliance ; holy and prophetic sounds of a new order of things, a complete translation of these words of Jesus, *Omes unum sint*, (that all may be one.) Some, like Poland and Greece, rose with the cross upon their banner ; others, as Italy, in the name of the Pope, who now anathematizes them. And the first rising was, with all, pure from vengeance, noble in its forgetfulness of injuries, holy in love, in enthusiasm and in faith. They, the victims, abolished the scaffold for their enemies. If the noble cause has been sullied by some isolated facts, they have occurred later, and have been instigated by cruel re-actions, and senseless resistance, and have been condemned by almost universal consent. If from among the agitated multitudes some cries of anarchy, or of



subversive utopias, burst forth, they are the cries of despairing men, a hundred times deceived and betrayed, a hundred times defrauded of their just demands, by the inexorable will of a caste or of a king: and all these would die away on the day of victory.

And what, oh! priests of Italy, is the wish of our, of your country? We desire to re-unite the twenty-six millions of men who people the land of Italy into a single family, under a single law, under the shadow of a single banner. We desire to continue the tradition of our fathers, and to open to our sons a path upon which they will not meet exile, the gibbet or the bâton of the Croat soldier. We desire that for the benefit of humanity, our intellect may be free, that our word may be free, and our work powerful. We desire not to worship falsehood, but truth; we invoke an authority, but an authority founded upon the interpretation of the law, not upon an usurping and arbitrary will; we seek guides and chiefs, but we seek them amongst the chosen in intellect and virtue, amongst the most devoted and the best; we ask for the food of the soul, education for all; the bread of the body, work for all; that "*thy will may be done, O Lord, on earth as it is in heaven.*"

To these demands have you no other reply than that contained in the Encyclica? Do not your souls thrill with any other mission than that summed up by the Pope in the word *resist*?

Resist the nation, humanity, the will of God?



You are then irrevocably lost ! Religion is eternal ; the church of believers is eternal. But the regeneration of religion, the purification and transformation of the church, which with your aid would be peacefully and solemnly evolved, will cost humanity terrible struggles, and the tears and blood of many martyrs. God will descend upon the multitudes and upon you, not as dew upon the fleece, but as a whirlwind, and surrounded by lightnings as in the bush of Sinai.

## VII.

I open the gospel and I read :—

“ If ye love me, keep my commandments ; and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you ANOTHER COMFORTER THAT HE MAY ABIDE WITH YOU FOR EVER. Even the Spirit of Truth.\*

“ I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away : and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.†

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth : for he shall not speak of himself ; but WHATSOEVER HE SHALL HEAR THAT SHALL HE SPEAK : AND HE WILL SHEW YOU THINGS TO COME.”‡

And I reflect : the Church is struck with blind-

\* John xiv. 15-17.

† John xv. 1, 2.

‡ John xvi. 12, 13.



ness, and your intellect, O priests of Jesus, is dead to the consciousness of the true life, if before the power of prophetic intuition contained in these words, before a religious programme which establishes the immense superiority of the faith of Christ over all the traditions of the past—you can find no other words to inscribe upon your banner than the fatal one *resist*. The conscience of the progressive mission confided to religion—the presentiment of the successive purification of beliefs—the education given from epoch to epoch by God, to the human race, proportionately to the degree of its intellectual and moral development—reverence for the great religious tradition of humanity, all is in those passages ; to which the papal doctrine opposes an impious and absurd theory of immobility. The holy church of the future, the church of the free and equal, the church which shall bless every progress of the Spirit of Truth, and identify itself with the life of humanity, which shall have neither pope nor laity, but believers, all priests with different offices,\* is there foreseen and predicted. And on the transformation of the corrupt aristocratic church of to-day into this renewed popular church of the future depends,—I will not say the solution—that is not in the power of man—but the mode, more or less violent, more or less dangerous, of the solution of the religious question. Let priests ponder and prepare. We invoke their aid in the sacred work,

\* 1 Cor. xii. 4, *et seq.*



but we cannot, because of their tardiness, cease our efforts or linger on the way.

### VIII.

All sons of God and of the same redemption, we cannot betray our duty towards our brothers, because those who are the most bound to speak are silent through cowardice. Our brothers can only be redeemed from sloth by honouring labour and teaching its sacredness. Nor can the sacredness of labour be taught except by reforming a society founded upon privilege. Our brothers can only be redeemed from falsehood by destroying the public worship that is paid to it; nor can this be done without changing the nature of government which is now based upon falsehood, putting as guides for the people, not the best or wisest men, but the offspring of an hereditary monarchical race. Our brothers can only be redeemed from homicide by teaching the inviolability of life, the improvement and not the destruction of the guilty. Nor can this be taught where the executioner is an officer of the government, where *legal* killing is declared to be the support of the social edifice. The brotherhood of Christ cannot be founded where the ignorance, misery, and servitude of some, and the science, riches, and domination of others prevent men from mutually esteeming and loving each other. Nor can these causes of inequality be effectually diminished without a national education being administered by society to all its



members. Men's minds cannot be imbued with the virtue of self-sacrifice, in a society where egotism is ever taught by present risk, where money is the sole foundation for the security and independence of individuals. Confidence cannot be efficaciously taught in a land furrowed by government spies, and sown at every step with offices of censure and prisons. The mission towards humanity confided by God to nations cannot be fulfilled where there is no nation, where the name of common country is proscribed, where the many governors hostile to each other, and all opposed to the free progress of the peoples, study to raise intellectual, moral, and physical barriers between brothers. Those artificial barriers are not to be overthrown without regaining to the people the citizen-soldiers, who, paid and corrupted by the princes, are now devoted to their defence, without combatting and chasing beyond the Alps, the foreign soldiers placed there by European despotism.

Revolution is then, for us, a work of education, a religious mission. If we only had to sustain us in our struggles, the impulse of anger or of reaction, we should long since have been disheartened by doubt and wearied by delusions. If we only drew our inspiration from the love of power, we could, by sacrificing our convictions in part, have at once satisfied the low desire. As the church is hostile to the Spirit of Truth, and degenerated from its first institution, we are now the Militant Church of Precursors to the temple which shall be rebuilt, invoking *the kingdom of God, upon earth as it is in*



*heaven.* We are the Church of Precursors ; until the virtuous who feel the necessity of a true and living faith, as the uniter of all human efforts, and inspirer of all human faculties, having assembled in council, having interrogated progress, having explored the evils, and decreed the remedies for our state, shall lay the first stone of the UNIVERSAL CHURCH of Humanity. And then only, the world being conquered by his teaching, Jesus will be able to repeat to the Father with an ineffable smile : “ I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world ; thine they were, and thou gavest them me ; and they have kept thy word.”\*

## IX.

“ The principle,” we said, when we commenced the “ Italia del Popolo,” (the Italy of the People) “ proclaimed by the people as the highest authority in the sphere of political life, under the name of CONSTITUENT, will have its inevitable application in the sphere of religious life ; and that application will be called COUNCIL . . . . .”

National sovereignty is the remedy universally accepted for saving the country from the negation of all authority, from anarchy. Let the sovereignty of the church—and by the church we understand the people of believers—save society from the absence of all religious principle and authority. CONSTI-

\* John xvii. 6.



TUENT AND COUNCIL ; these are the prince and the pope of the future.

We again repeat these words to the priests of Italy, with a deep sense of affection and hope. May God enlighten them for the sake of the country and for the sake of the church ! May it awaken in them faith in works, holy hopes, the charity which transforms the languor of unbelieving souls into the fever of life ! May it reveal to them, so that they do not sin in mistrusting us, our intention and our mission ! The church is Cæsar's, let them return it to God. The hierarchy is changed into a parasitical plant, consuming the life of an institution destined to enlarge and raise itself with humanity : let them uproot it, and let them renew the institution in the election and in the inspirations of the people. The word of Jesus is destroyed, betrayed, sacrificed, to the falsehoods of those *who call themselves the princes of the earth* : let them re-establish it in honour. Humanity thirsts after progress and faith ; after an authority freely erected and obeyed ; and the Pope replies : *immobility and passive obedience*. To the Council, to the Council ! The church shall furnish another answer.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.



## LETTER TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

ROME has fallen ! It is a great crime and a great error. The crime belongs entirely to France ; the error to civilized Europe, and above all to your England. I say to your England ; for in the three questions which are now at issue in Rome, and which it is vain to attempt to stifle by brute force, England appears to me, and did appear to us all, to be especially concerned. Three questions—the question of principle, of international right, of European morality—the political question, properly so called, the balance of power in Europe, influence to be preserved or obtained—and the religious question—all were, in fact, raised already in Rome before the entrance of the French. The question of principle is, thank God, sufficiently clear. A population of more than two millions of men having peacefully, solemnly, and legally chosen, through a Constituent Assembly regularly elected, a form of government, is deprived of it by foreign violence, and forced again to submit to the power which had been abolished ; and that without that population having furnished the slightest pretext for such violence, or made the slightest attempt against the peace of neighbouring countries. The calumnies which have been for months systematically circulated against our Republic, are of little importance ; it was necessary to defame those whom it had been determined to destroy. But I affirm,



that the Republic, voted almost unanimously by the Assembly, had the general and spontaneous approbation of the country ; and of this the explicit declaration of almost all the municipalities of the Roman States, voluntarily renewed at the time of the French invasion, without any initiative on the part of the Roman government, is a decisive proof. I affirm that with the exception of Ancona, where the triumvirate were obliged energetically to repress certain criminal acts of political vengeance, the republican cause was never sullied by the slightest excess ; that no censorship was assumed over the press before the siege, and that no occasion arose for exercising it during the siege. Not a single condemnation to death or exile bore witness to a severity which it would have been our right to have exercised, but which the perfect unanimity which reigned amongst all the elements of the state rendered useless. I affirm that, except in the case of three or four priests, who had been guilty of firing upon our combatants, and who were killed by the people during the last days of the siege, not a single act of personal violence was committed by any fraction of the population against another, and that if ever there was a city presenting the spectacle of a band of brothers pursuing a common end, and bound together by the same faith, it was Rome under the republican rule. The city was inhabited by foreigners from all parts of the world, by the consular agents, by many of your countrymen ; let any one of them arise and under the guarantee of his own signature deny, if he can, the



truth of what I say. Terror now reigns in Rome; the prisons are choked with men who have been arrested and detained without trial; fifty priests are confined in the castle of St. Angelo, whose only crime consists in their having lent their services in our hospitals; the citizens, the best known for their moderation, are exiled; the army is almost entirely dissolved, the city disarmed, and the "factious" sent away even to the last man; and yet France dares not consult in a legal manner the will of the populations, but re-establishes the papal authority by military decree. I do not believe that since the dismemberment of Poland there has been committed a more atrocious injustice, a more gross violation of the eternal right which God has implanted in the peoples, that of appreciating and defining for themselves their own life, and governing themselves in accordance with their own appreciation of it. And I cannot believe that it is well for you or for Europe that such things can be accomplished in the eyes of the world, without one nation arising out of its immobility to protest in the name of universal justice. This is to enthrone brute force where, by the power of reason, God alone should reign; it is to substitute the sword and poniard for law—to decree a ferocious war without limit of time or means between oppressors rendered suspicious by their fears, and the oppressed abandoned to the instincts of reaction and isolation. Let Europe ponder upon these things. For if the light of human morality becomes but a little more obscured, in that darkness there will



arise a strife that will make those who come after us shudder with dread.

The balance of power in Europe is destroyed. It consisted formerly in the support given to the smaller states by the great powers: now they are abandoned. France in Italy, Russia in Hungary, Prussia in Germany, a little later perhaps in Switzerland: these are now the masters of the continent. England is thus made a nullity; the "*celsâ sedet Eolus in arce*," which Canning delighted to quote, to express the moderating function which he wished to reserve for his country, is now a meaningless phrase. Let not your preachers of the theory of material interests, your speculators upon extended markets deceive themselves; there is history to teach them that political influence and commercial influence are closely bound together. Political sympathies hold the key of the markets; the tariff of the Roman Republic will appear to you, if you study it, to be a declaration of sympathy towards England to which your government did not think it necessary to respond.

And yet, above the question of right, above the question of political interest, both of which were of a nature to excite early the attention of England, there is, as I have said, another question being agitated at Rome of a very different kind of importance, and which ought to have aroused all those who believe in the vital principle of religious reformation—it is that of liberty of conscience. The religious question which broods at the root of all



political questions showed itself there great and visible in all its European importance. The Pope at Gaeta was the theory of absolute infallible authority exiled from Rome for ever; and exiled from Rome was to be exiled from the world. The abolition of the temporal power evidently drew with it, in the minds of all those who understood the secret of the papal authority, the emancipation of men's minds from the spiritual authority. The principle of liberty and of free consent, elevated by the Constituent Assembly into a living active right, tended rapidly to destroy the absolutist dogma which from Rome aims more than ever to enchain the universe. The high aristocracy of the Roman Catholic clergy well know the impossibility of retaining the soul in darkness, in the midst of light inundating the intelligences of men; for this reason they carried off their Pope to Gaeta; for this reason they now refuse all compromise. They know that any compromise would be fatal to them; that they must re-enter as conquerors, or not at all. And in the same way that the aristocracy of the clergy felt this inseparability of the two powers, the French government, in its present reactionary march, has felt that the keystone of despotism is at Rome—that the ruin of the spiritual authority of the middle ages would be the ruin of its own projects—and that the only method of securing to it a few more years of existence was to rebuild for it a temporal domination.

England has understood nothing of this. She



has not understood what there was of sublime and prophetic in this cry of emancipation, in this protestation in favour of human liberty, issuing from the very heart of ancient Rome, in the face of the Vatican. She has not felt that the struggle in Rome was to cut the Gordian knot of moral servitude against which she has long and vainly opposed her Bible societies, her Christian and Evangelical Alliances ; and that there was being opened, had she but extended a sisterly hand to the movement, a mighty pathway, for the human mind. She has not understood that one bold word, "respect for the liberty of thought," opposed to the hypocritical language of the French government, would have been sufficient to have inaugurated the era of a new religious policy, and to have conquered for herself a decisive ascendancy upon the continent.

Is England beginning to understand these things? You answer me, Yes. I doubt it. Political and religious indifference appear to me to have taken too deep root with you to be conquered by anything short of those internal crises which become more and more inevitable. But if it be true that the unequal struggle which has been maintained for two months in Rome has borne fruits—if it be true that you begin to understand all that there is of brutal in the league of four powers against the awakening of the eternal city—all that there is of grand and fruitful for humanity in this cry of country and liberty, rising from among the ruins of the capitol—all that there would be of



noble, of generous, of profitable for England in responding to this cry, as to that of a sister towards whom a debt of gratitude is owed—you can still do us great good. You may console\*—this you have always done—the exile of our combatants, whom the French government tears from their homes to cast them out—poor mistaken souls who dreamed of the fraternity of France—in utter physical destitution, and in despair of mind! You can save for us these spirits, by preserving them from the attacks of doubt, and of unmeasured reaction. You can, by your press, by the voice of your meetings, fix upon the forehead of the French Republic the mark of Cain: upon the front of Rome the glory of a martyrdom which contains the promise of victory: you can give to Europe the consciousness that Italy is being born anew, and to Italy a redoubled faith in herself. You may do more. The Roman question is far from being resolved. France finds herself placed between the necessity of giving way to a new insurrection, and that of prolonging indefinitely the occupation by her troops; thus changing intervention into conquest. Assemble yourselves, associate yourselves, organize a vast agitation for the political and religious independence of the peoples; and say to your government, that honour, duty, and the future of England demand that her

\* It was in consequence of this appeal that the formation of the “Italian Refugee Fund Committee,” containing, as it does the names of so many of our most distinguished liberal writers and political men, was undertaken.—*Translator's Note.*



flag shall not hang idly in atheistic immobility, amidst the continued violation of the principle which it represents ; that France has not the right to dispose of the Roman States as she pleases ; that the will of the Roman people ought to be expressed, and that it cannot be freely expressed while four hostile armies are encamped upon its territories. Call upon France to fulfil her promises. We could not admit—we, the elected of the people—that they should be called upon to express a second time what they had already peacefully, completely, and in most unfettered liberty declared. We could not commit suicide upon ourselves in our most sacred right. But, since violence has annihilated the consequences of its exercise, it is for you now to recall France to her engagements, and to say to her : “ All that you are about to do is null and illegal, if the will of the populations is not consulted.” And if your government remains silent—if France pursues her career of violence—then it is for you, the people, to aid us, you men of justice and liberty, in the struggle. With or without the aid of the peoples we will recommence this struggle. We cannot, we will not sacrifice our future and the destinies towards which we are called by God, to the caprices of egotism and of blind force. But the assistance of the peoples may spare us many bloody sacrifices, much reactionary violence, that we, men of order and peace, have striven to avoid, but which, in the powerlessness of exile, we may not be able to prevent. . . .

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